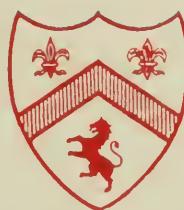


**THE
ASHBURIAN**



**ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA**

1937

OLD BOY NUMBER

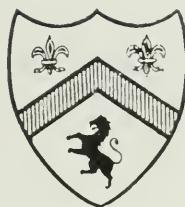
VOL. XXI

MICHAELMAS TERM

No. 1



T H E
A S H B U R I A N



ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA

OLD BOY NUMBER

VOL. XXI

MICHAELMAS TERM

No. 1

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To the
Old Boys of Ashbury



GILBERT FAUQUIER, ESQ.
President Old Boys' Association

ARDVAR,
ROCKCLIFFE PARK,
OTTAWA

November 8th, 1937.

Dear Sir,-

It was with great pleasure that I learned that this issue of The Ashburian was to be dedicated to the Old Boys of the School, and on behalf of the Association I should like to express our appreciation of this compliment.

It is trite to remark that the School Magazine should cooperate with the Old Boys' Association. We are, however, delighted to find the Magazine so anxious to fulfill its job of making present and past Ashburians a unity, and it is with the hope that the hundred or more Old Boys who have not yet joined the Association, and to whom this Old Boy issue is being sent out, will appreciate what is being done for them and will, in turn, do everything in their power to boost the School, of which they should be only too proud.

We have ambitions for the Association, and we are endeavouring to put it on a sound basis in order that we may keep all Old Boys posted about the School and form Serving Committees to help boys leaving the School find employment.

It is exactly twenty-five years since the Old Boys' Association was formed. It is exactly thirty years ago since your present Chairman of the Board of Governors left Ashbury. Frankly, in earlier times the chief function of the Old Boys' Association used to be its Dinner. Now, however, the Association has grown up, and it realizes that its responsibilities do not begin and end solely with a Dinner. As your President I ask very definitely that every Old Boy of Ashbury, not as yet a member of the Association, get in touch with the Association or the School immediately, for each one of you must admit, or should admit, that you owe that at the very least to Ashbury.

With best wishes to all Old Boys,

Yours sincerely,

G. B. Taugin.

President, Old Boys' Association.



E. F. NEWCOMBE, ESQ., K.C.
Chairman Board of Governors

585 ACACIA AVENUE,
ROCKCLIFFE
OTTAWA

November 16th, 1937.

Dear Sir,

To write a foreword to the number of the Ashburian dedicated to the Old Ashburians is an honour and a privilege which is not easy to express. I know that I reflect the feelings of all when I express their sincere appreciation, and assure you that through the years we have watched with great interest the growth of the magazine and have looked forward to receiving our copies with all the school news it contains. We wish it every success and the best of luck under the direction of your Editor-in-Chief who conducts it so well.

Ashbury College is forty-seven years old and it has made its way and created its name through successive periods during which competition has grown ever keener and success more than ever dependent upon the utmost in efficiency and service.

It has a future to which it may look with great hope if those interested will co-operate on its behalf.

Old Ashburians have the happiest memories of their days at the School and a genuine desire to see it progress in every way to keep its place as an outstanding first-class school among the best of the day.

They appreciate each evidence to shew that its standards of work have been improved and its traditions of sportsmanship and fair play advanced.

Convinced, as we are, that, with the advantages of the day, the present Ashburians are second to no other group of boys one could find, and relying on the application of the policies which the Headmaster outlined in his foreword of a year ago, the Old Ashburians believe the School must maintain its place and everyone will do his utmost to aid in the achievement of even better things.

Wishing you all a very happy Christmas and the best of good fortune during the coming year.

Very sincerely yours,

Edmund F. Newcombe.



THE HEADMASTER

ASHBURY COLLEGE
ROCKCLIFFE PARK
OTTAWA

N. M. ARCHDALE, M.A.
HEADMASTER

November 20th, 1937.

Dear Sir,-

This number of the Ashburian is dedicated to Old Boys. I am still much of a New Boy, and so but for two reasons would feel reluctant to take up valuable space. The first reason is that I have the honour to be responsible for the running of the School, which naturally arouses in me a fatherly interest in all Old Boys, even though many of them might more fitly take a fatherly interest in me! My second reason is that I do not like to miss an opportunity of reminding Ashbury Old Boys that, while the School appreciates their good will and support, at the same time Ashbury is ready and anxious to do anything possible to help Old Boys. We here believe very strongly that our job does not end when a boy leaves the School. We must continue to watch his career and be ready to help and advise whenever we can do so to advantage.

There may be a number of Old Boys who, perhaps, are not in touch with the School and its doings. To those I would say that we will be only too willing to give out any information they may need. In fact, steps are being taken to send out such information to Old Boys already.

It is also possible that some of our aims and actions may be open to criticism. If that be the case, we will be very pleased to have such criticisms brought to our notice, when, if we are at fault, we can put matters right and if, as may be the case, it is a question of misunderstanding, it can be cleared up.

I have mentioned this because, anxious though I am that Old Boys should speak well of and recommend the School, this can only be done effectively if they are fully informed of and in agreement with our policy.

Finally, may I put in a word about the School as I see it. We have good buildings, playing fields and equipment for the size of the School we aim at, but Schools do not rise or fall by their buildings. It is the spirit that is in them, and the results of their work which count. In this respect I am very optimistic, as we have a very fine spirit, both among the boys and among the Staff, which has already shown its influence both in the work and in games, and which, as it spreads among Old Boys and other well wishers of the School, will do great things for Ashbury.

Yours sincerely,

Nicholas M. Archdale.

194 COBOURG ST.,
OTTAWA.
ONTARIO.

November 7th, 1937.

My Dear "Old Boys",

It was with great pleasure that I accepted the kind invitation of the Editor to write a Christmas letter to the "Old Boys" of Ashbury. And first, may I wish you and your respective families all the best greetings of this season. May this Christmas time be for all of you a really happy one; and may the coming New Year hold in store for you sound health and increased success in your various callings.

I feel confident that practically all of you retain pleasing memories of your Old School, and, when the past floats before your mental vision and you review the time you passed at Ashbury, there comes to you the hope that the School is still progressing and is continuing to exert that atmosphere which in the past influenced for good so many of the youth of Canada.

As you may have heard, after spending some time in England, I have returned to live in Ottawa. For three years I was Vicar of Woodford Halse, a parish situated in the southern part of Northamptonshire and about 70 miles from London. Woodford Halse is a village, or, as it would be called in Canada, a small town, with a population of about 1800 people. It has a very nice old Church built in the 12th Century. While I enjoyed my stay there very much, yet I am glad to be back in Canada and not far from Ashbury, which is always so close to my heart.

As the result of a careful investigation, I am so glad to be able to assure you that the School is now in very good shape. Our new "Head", Mr. Archdale, is a particularly "lively" man and is full of enthusiasm for the School. He is, too, a scholar; and, what is of more importance for a successful Headmaster, he has a great sympathy for boys and for boy-life. In his work his one great aim is to bring out that which is best in the characters of the boys over whom he has the care. Under his wise guidance I feel sure that the prestige and the importance of the School will be fully maintained. Mr. Archdale has under him an excellent staff, all very keen, and all eager to promote the best interests of the boys, and the teaching given is thorough and, at the same time, it is made interesting. The sports and the various physical activities are being well looked after, and the School's reputation for athletic prowess is as good as ever.

But, while under our present Head the School is now in a very satisfactory condition, and any faults and mistakes in administration have now been remedied, yet we need more boys in the School, both Boarders and Day-boys; and you, Old Boys, can do a very great deal towards bringing about this desired condition. If, beginning now, to-day, each Old Boy will make up his mind really to work hard in the interests of the School, if he will determine to commend the School, whenever opportunity presents itself, and, if between now and next June, he will resolve to secure at least one new pupil for the School, then there will be stretching in front of Ashbury a long period of renewed activity and of revived strength, and once again it will take its proper place as one of the great and important Schools of Canada. In some of the other Schools, there has been brought about this transformation, almost entirely by the devoted energy and wide-spread activity of their "Old Boys". You can do the same for Ashbury. Will you?

You will, I know, join me in wishing the "Head" and his family, the Staff, the Boys at present in attendance, and all those closely connected with the Old School a very Merry Christmas, and may this coming New Year bring to Ashbury continued success, greater usefulness and a more extended sphere in its operations.

With my renewed best wishes and my kindest regards,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

E. P. Woollcombe



The Staff

Headmaster

N. M. ARCHDALE, M.A.,
The Queen's College, Oxford

Housemaster

E. C. N. EDWARDS, M.A.,
Christ's College, Cambridge.

J. W. JOHNSON, B.Sc.

University of Toronto; Research Diploma, Oxford; I.O.D.E. Scholar, 1928.

H. M. PORRITT, M.A.,
University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

A. D. BRAIN, B.A.,

University of Toronto; Sometime Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford.

A. A. V. WATERFIELD, B.A.,
New College, Oxford.

L. LUCAS, B.A.,
Queen's University, Kingston.

Physical Director

Sergeant-Major F. W. Stone, Late A. P. T. Staff, Aldershot.

Busar

Miss E. Hammill

Dietician and Nurse Matron

Miss F. Moroni, R.N.

Secretary to the Headmaster

Miss M. Birch

ASHBURIAN STAFF



Standing: J. C. McLaren, L. J. McCallum, G. Green, A. R. Cowans, G. H. Murray, R. B. Stedman, F. E. Bronson, A. L. Key.

Seated: W. A. Grant, D. Maclaren, W. H. Ellis, H. M. Porritt, Esq., M.A., D. M. Stewart, J. C. Viets, W. H. King.

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Assistant Editors

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D. M. Stewart

G. Green

F. E. Bronson

Sports Editors

J. C. Viets

D. McLaren

Photographic Editor

H. W. King

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The Ashburian Junior

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J. C. Viets

Prefects

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W. H. Ellis
W. A. Grant

House Prefects

C. McCallum
G. H. Murray

Cadet Corps

Company Leader
W. H. Ellis

Cadet Lieut.

L. F. Burrows

Cadet Lieut.

W. A. Grant

Cadet Lieut.

J. C. Viets

Drum Major

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Games Captains

Rugby
J. C. Viets

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G. H. Murray

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I. A. Barclay

House Captains

Connaught
G. H. Murray

Woolcombe
L. F. Burrows

Debating Society

Chairman
W. H. Ellis

Secretary
D. M. Stewart

Library Committee

W. H. Ellis

I. A. Barclay

D. M. Stewart

EDITORIAL

This issue of the School Magazine is dedicated to the Old Boys. It is their number. The editors have done everything in their power to make this number interesting to the Old Boys of Ashbury, and the Committee of the Old Boys' Association has, in turn, done all it could to furnish us with information about Old Boys, and has tried to produce at least some copy for us from among their members. The result has been interesting, and though we have not received nearly as many Old Boy articles as we should have liked, we are pleased to notice that what we are able to print represents, for the most part, work by Old Boys who have left in the last few years.

This leads one to wonder why that should be. It seems to us that there are two reasons why the younger members of the Old Boys' Association should show greater readiness to write for the Ashburian than the older ones. First they have left school comparatively recently. Some of their friends may still be at school. They know the Staff. In other words their interest in the School is very much alive as direct associations with the School are not yet broken.

Secondly, the reason for their interest in the Magazine, may, we think, be due to the fact that in the past few years we have made an honest effort to have the Magazine written by the Boys themselves, and we have tried, too, by means of University Letters, to hold that interest when the Boys have left the School.

A few years ago we had occasion to outline editorially the duties and responsibilities of a good school magazine, and expressed the opinion that it should ferret out latent ability among the Boys, that it should discriminate between various types of literary ability, and be, in effect, the medium for expression of intelligent thought among the Boys of the School.

But there is another duty of a school magazine that was not touched upon in that editorial, and that is its duty to the Old Boys, and, conversely, their duty to it.

A magazine of any school should form a contact between the boys at present at that school and those who have left. It should, too, be a link, and a strong one at that, between the School itself and the Old Boys as a whole, in this particular case between the Boys here, now, and those who have left, and between Ashbury and the Old Boys' Association.

This link, we think, does exist, but how can it be strengthened? That, it seems to us, is a question of paramount importance, and naturally, therefore, we have our own views on the subject. For every paying member of the Old Boys'

Association the Ashburian receives a dollar. This helps defray the expense of the Magazine and the cost of sending out copies to the Old Boys. Now we have often heard, possibly as an excuse for non-payment of dues, that the Magazine is of little interest to Old Boys, and that what interest there is lessens each year after leaving school.

It seems to us that the fallacy of this statement lies in the fact that no one dollar subscription, no set amount of money, could possibly guarantee an interesting Ashburian to any Old Boy. A successful school magazine, from an Old Boy's point of view, depends on three things. It must contain news of general interest about the School, as well as periodical reports of activities; news of that particular Old Boy's contemporaries; articles and stories by people whom he knew personally.

The first of these three requisites we try to fulfill to the best of our ability, but the last two are up to you, the Old Boys of Ashbury. May we suggest a way in which you could help us? If all news of Old Boys was sent to the Editor and it was not presumed that he would find out by hear-say or through devious channels, and if Old Boys would offer suggestions about their magazine—if, in other words, they would show a greater practical interest in the writing of their magazine, issues of greater interest to all Old Boys would naturally follow, and their success be reasonably assured.

OLD BOY SECTION

OLD BOYS' LETTERS

We reproduce below various letters that have been received from Old Boys.

1st November 1937

To Ashburians, Past and Present —

The Old Boys of Ashbury have been especially honoured this year by the dedication to them of the Christmas issue of the "Ashburian", and a request has been made that we should make some contribution to the magazine.

It is fitting, therefore, that the attention of the readers should be called to the work of a man that has done more than any other in the building up and maintaining of the "Ashbury Old Boys' Association". This man is C. J. G. Molson, better known to his friends as "Jack".

At the inception of the Association, in 1930, he was elected a member of the Committee. In 1932 he became Secretary-Treasurer, fulfilling the responsibilities of these joint positions with great credit until 1935, when he resigned, feeling that his business activities did not permit him to do justice to them both.

The Association thought so well of him, however, and felt so little able to dispense with the help of a man who has retained such an interest in the affairs of the School since he left it, in 1918, that he was re-elected as Treasurer, the Secretarship being made separate. He has held the post ever since.

I therefore take the liberty of thanking him, on behalf of the Old Boys' Association and, if I may, of Ashbury itself, for the unselfish way he has devoted himself to this task for all these years. May there be others willing and able to carry on as he has done.

With kindest regards to you all,

Yours sincerely,

RANDOL H. GAULT,
Secretary.

437 St. James St.,
Montreal.

Dear Sir,

This is just a line to express my appreciation of the Ashburian's action in dedicating the Christmas number to "The Old Boys". It seems a very short time since I was in my last year at Ashbury, and yet on counting up it turns out to be exactly twenty years. At that time—1915-1918—many boys leaving the School were going straight into khaki, and we used to feel great pride in hearing and telling of the activities at the front of those who had been our seniors. Those of us remaining at School were hoping (as boys will) that the war would last until we also were old enough to get there too.

Things were far from dull at Ashbury however, as for instance a certain neighbour of the School would no doubt assure inquirers. This neighbour had an excellent crop of melons in his garden. One morning on waking, the melons had disappeared! This episode, however, was not repeated, at least not to the writer's knowledge. Partly no doubt on account of the Head's masterly handling of the situation, and partly due to the fact that there were no more melons to arouse hungry boys to dark adventure.

Then there was the fire at Mr. Philpot's house, to which the School turned out "en masse". The boys emptied the house of furniture and kept the flames in check until the fire brigade arrived. Incidentally, a most successful photo of Mr. Philpot teaching in class was taken, without his knowledge, by one of the boys. An exercise book with a hole cut in it big enough for the lens to look through made the necessary camouflage.

In thinking of Ashbury at that time, however, one's mind always returns to the central guiding figure of the period—Dr. Woollcombe. By many years of hard work, and a keen understanding of those under his care, he built up a School through which we, its Old Boys, are proud to have passed. Both Present and Old Boys can feel that Ashbury is worthy of their best efforts towards maintaining, under its present able leadership, a standard second to none in the Dominion.

Yours sincerely,

C. J. G. MOLSON,

Treasurer,

ASHBURY OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

West Hartford, Conn.

October 29, 1937.

Dear Sir,

Many of the Old Boys of the school who are not contributors to this issue of The Ashburian no doubt have said to themselves, "I can't think of anything which would be of interest." The fact is that through circumstances or otherwise we Old Boys have become widely separated from our original classmates, and I know I am right in saying that each one of us will hope for some word in this issue from our former schoolmates.

Take for instance, my own case. 'Red' (C.A.) Mulligan and I, after leaving college, roomed together in New York twelve odd years ago, and while we saw each other occasionally after he had moved to Michigan, I have not heard a word from him since December, 1933, when he sent me a snapshot of his boy.

For my part, I continued living in New York until 1934, changing from Public Accounting work to the Aircraft Industry in 1929. Since the last mentioned date I have been connected with the latter industry and have served for the past three years as Treasurer of the United Aircraft Corporation of East Hartford, Conn.

I have two sons who are growing all too rapidly. They're becoming quite a handful at the ages of nine and six.

Regards and best wishes to all Ashburian readers and continued success to the school.

CARROLL L. GAULT.

Douglas Hall,
3851 University St.,
Montreal.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry your letter of October 15, was so long delayed before reaching me.

Concerning an open letter for publication I am hardly in the position to write one. I am no longer a student of Dalhousie University and John Weldon is the only Old Ashbury Boy there to my knowledge. However, I shall tell you as much as I know of the Old Ashbury Boys, who were at Dalhousie University, during the last three years.

John Rowley—Received his B.A. Degree in '35, and last Spring obtained his Law Degree from the Dalhousie Law School. John is now in England acting as Marshal to Sir William McNaughton.

Norman Gillies—Received his B.Sc. Degree from Dalhousie University last Spring, and is now at McGill studying for his M.Sc. in Geology.

Robert Stanfield—Dalhousie's Governor-General Medalist '36. Received his B.A. Degree in the same year, honoring in Political Science. Bob is now in his second year at the Harvard Law School.

John Weldon—3rd year Art's School, taking his pre-Law Course.

Stephen MacNutt—Attended Dalhousie Art's School for two years and this year is at McGill University.

Mason Johnson—Studied pre-Medicine at Dalhousie during 1935-36.

Myself—Received my Engineering Diploma last Spring and I am now completing my Mechanical Engineering Degree at McGill.

I hope this information will be of some value to you. Sorry I could not co-operate more fully.

With kindest personal regards,
Yours very truly,

GORDON D. STANFIELD



Kappa Alpha Society,
University St.,
Montreal.
October 28th 1937.

Dear Sir,

When at Ashbury and studying English, my Comps. were always considered foul and I am sorry to say they still are; nevertheless I shall attempt, aided by Chippy Reynolds, to let you know a little about the Old Ashburians at McGill.

As an opening we regret to inform you that the large presence of Jim Kirkpatrick is no longer in our midst, in fact we might go as far as to say that he is at the University of British Columbia carrying on with his studies (and golf). However, although we have lost Jim there are still many left who perhaps you would like to hear about. Jim Calder is still wandering round, vaguely searching for rocks (igneous and metamorphic), ably assisted by his new recruit, Ed Fauquier. Edward has gone "snooty" on us lately, and taken a flat which many of us find very useful. Graham Ferguson took his B.A. last year and is now seeking his fortune wherever he can get it. Brother Burbank, or Jack Ferguson to some people, newly appointed hockey manager is spending most of his time getting the Big Red Team organized. Art Yuile is now on the McGill track team when he's not learning to fly. Des Black we usually find reading Life, while Ken Stevenson is sleeping soundly, recovering from his famous trip to Stockholm where he was amazed by the various institutions. We have a newly discovered salesman in the person of Reynolds, whose one topic of conversation is Remington-Rand typewriters.

A new arrival is Pete Stanfield, formerly of Dalhousie whom we hope to see on the hockey team this year. Norm Gillies, also of Dalhousie, is also seen round the campus. Francis Lyman appears quite often at the Auditorium. Charlie Gale is still here, studying to be a business man, while the Arts and Engineering buildings are often graced by the presence of Ian Macorquadal, Oliver Whitby and Bill Fullerton; Bill, by the way has had trouble with his lower left back molar and is going round with a nicely swollen face. Geoffrey Wright is one of the most studious lads we know and always has a large pile of books under his arm, whether he uses them or not is a moot question. Garry Schlemm and George Nation also arrived this year. Garry's hair is still as sleek as ever.

As for myself there is a great deal I could and could not say, but under the circumstances, if it is appropriate it is not modest. I hope that all old Ashburians at McGill have been accounted for, but if not I hope that they will not mind. Time presses as well as studies, so—on with the work.

Yours very sincerely,

RUSSELL COWANS.



The following letter, though not originally destined for print, is inserted (in part) in this issue as being from an Old Boy whose business rival sold the Editor a typewriter before he did; a feat.

3605 University Street,
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Mr. Porritt,

I have just been doing my best for Ashbury by giving Russell Cowans ideas for his latest masterpiece. How do you like the advertising squeezed in about Remington-Rand? I expect you are regretting by now the pile of junk Snelling pressed upon you.

We had a letter from Kirkpatrick the other day, and though he says he misses us, he says he is saving a lot of money and doing some work; accomplishments, to say the least.

When the Hockey season gets under way the K. As. want to arrange another game with the School.

Don Lawson is still at Western, Senior Hockey this year as last, I expect.

Regards to all from

CHIPPY REYNOLDS.

Queen's University,
Kingston,
Ontario.
November 1, 1937.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your request for Old Boy's News, I find that, to the best of my knowledge, there are five of us here this year.

This year will be George Malloch's last one as senior member of our group as he receives the degree of Bachelor of Commerce in the spring.

Howard "Cream" Barends and George Clark, both Arts sophomores, are frequently seen on the campus. "Cream" is playing football for the Queen's Juniors and, as in former years, owes his success to his strict observance of the coach's training regulations in regard to early hours, etc. George, I expect, will be active a little later in the season when the ski team is organized.

Our only Frosh this year is Avery Dunning who was, I believe, Senior Prefect last term. From all appearances he seems to be bearing up well under the strain of Arts lectures and finds time for a little football too.

As the only applied Science student among the Arts intelligentsia I consider it an honour to act as your representative.

Yours faithfully,

GRAHAM E. BROWN.

Royal Military College,
Kingston,
Ontario.
November 2nd, 1937.

Dear Sir,

It was two years ago that I left Ashbury and every time I return to Ottawa I look forward to visiting the old school. I am sure all old boys will agree, these visits bring back memories of many happy days spent at Ashbury. We who have left, wish Ashbury the very best of luck in this coming year.

This year at the Royal Military College of Canada, Ashbury is well represented. In the Senior class Hadley and Palmer are the old Ashburians. Hadley, who is a full fledged Ashburian, is very good in academic work, having placed second in his class, but is not so keen on games. He does however play a little soccer. Palmer, who only went to Ashbury for a year or two, is the opposite, being very fond of games and all sport. A shadow of bad luck seems to follow him when he plays games, as once again this year he is out of rugby, having broken his hand.

In the next class, Wilson, MacBrien, and Stairs are our representatives. Wilson shines particularly in his sailing, and Stairs in his mathematics. MacBrien has been rather out of everything this year as he had his toe nail removed at the beginning of the year. However, we expect to see him in his old place on the hockey team.

The recruit class boasts of two Ashburians, Lane and Baker. Lane has been playing a considerable amount of soccer lately, and it is expected that he should do well next year. Baker showed, during the time he was at Ashbury, that he was the studious type, and it seems as though he will keep that reputation for good work here.

In our class there is only one representative, that being

Yours very sincerely,

D. B. WURTELE.

Bishops University,
Lennoxville, PQ

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter. There is not much in the way of news concerning the Old Boys, except that we have Lincoln Magor here this year. He has been elected Senior Freshman, plays on the senior football team, and seems to be a budding actor in the college production.

"Count" Baskerville is still very much in evidence. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he decided to take up law, that is judging from the way he stood up for his rights successfully the other day against local police.

Pete Roberts is still absent from our midst and it is not certain when he will be back. We all miss his amazing sense of humour, and inexhaustible store of jokes. It will be a joy to hear him debate again. Since he left, the Debating Team has had very bad luck.

I think you have heard about every Old Boy here, except myself. I am doing as little as possible, as slowly as possible. And now I have covered everyone.

Give my best to everyone at Ashbury,

Yours very sincerely,

DONALD PATERSON

The Dominion of Canada
General Insurance Company,
Toronto, Ont.

November 10th, 1937.

Dear Sir,

One of the important problems facing the young man leaving Ashbury is the question of the vocation that he has for several years been planning to follow. In order to set at rest the minds of present Ashburians that positions of peculiar character do pop up from the most unexpected sources irrespective of carefully laid plans by the parents and the boys themselves, I hereby submit the following data:—

Name	City	Original Intention	Present Occupation
Frank Bliss	Hamilton	Policeman	Insurance Agent
Kenneth Bryson	"	Prize Fighter	Dairy Manager
J R Dunbar	"	Mechanic	Executive, Canadian Westinghouse
Robert Lobatt	"	Traveller	Brewer
Cecil Wood	"	Starekeeper	Bond Salesman
E. T. C. Orde	Toronto	Sea Captain	Bond Salesman
J. S. P. Armstrong	"	Farmer	Insurance Manager
Edward Echlin	"	Doctor	Bond Salesman
William Graham	Ottawa	Coffee Grower	Diplomat
G. M. Griffin	Toronto	Railroading	Farmer
Fulford R Hardy	Brockville	Trust Officer	Financier
Lawrence Jackson	Toronto	Army	Executive, Canadian Westinghouse
Allan H Maynard	"	Highway Man	Dominion Income Tax
William Morris	"	Bricklayer	Architect
Gilbert P Sladen	"	Civil Servant	Executive, Southam Press
A. E Snell	"	Grocer	Executive, Standard Brands Limited
Harry Tamplet	"	Electrical Engineer	Furniture Manufacturer
E P. Taylor	"	Bond Salesman	President, Brewing Corporation
W. J Thoburn	"	Fireman	Bond Salesman
C A Thoburn	"	Lawyer	Real Estate Agent
D M. Woods	"	Lawyer	Manufacturer
Palmer H. Wright	"	Minister	Secretary, Ontario Jockey Club
Gordon Hallack	"	Butcher	Provincial Police
C D Magee	"	Policeman	Lawyer
Erskine Johnston	"	Mining	Metal Ware Merchant
Erle Scott	"	Engineer	Executive, Industrial Alcohol
		Sailor	

Yours sincerely,

J. S. P. ARMSTRONG

Armstrong left Ashbury in 1918.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

On July 17th, Gordon Moffat was married in Toronto to Ruth Tilley, and about the same time Roger Rowley was married in Ottawa to Joan Graves. At the latter wedding the Best Man was John Rowley and two Old Boys, Peter Smellie and Guy Perodeau, acted as Ushers. The Roger Rowleys are now living opposite the School on Mariposa Avenue.

On October 16th, Guy Perodeau was married to Isabel Bryson, and Fraser Coristine was Best Man. Again, an Old Ashburian was an usher; this time William MacBrien.

Another wedding among our Old Boys was that of Flight-Lieutenant Fowler Gobeil to Isabel Graves, who were married towards the end of June, and we also hear that Andrew Clark was married during the summer.

We congratulate Ross McMaster on the birth of a daughter.

Edson Sherwood has recently been appointed Commander in the R.C.N.V.R.

John F. Magor, who left Ashbury in 1932, has received his degree in Journalism from Columbia University.

Robert Southam received his B.A. from Queen's at Convocation last Spring, too late to be recorded in the last issue of *The Ashburian*.

Stephen Oppe has been admitted to partnership in the firm of Smith, Fairbanks and Company, Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange and Montreal Curb Market.

R. L. Lane, who left Ashbury last June, is to be congratulated on winning an I.O.D.E., Duke of Connaught, Scholarship to R.M.C.

H. J. Ronalds, of golfing fame, is with the McColl-Frontenac Company.

The Magazine congratulates Lee Snelling in winning the Province of Quebec Junior Golf Championship at Beaconsfield this summer. His score was 77 gross.

Graham Mayburry represented the P.L.D.G. at the Montreal Horse Show recently.

Edward Sherwood is now with the British United Press, and Robert Magor is with the English News Magazine in London.

Douglas Wurtele, we are pleased to record, came sixth in his examinations for the Royal Military College, and has since been awarded his Crossed Clubs. Hadley received a General Proficiency prize in Modern Languages and History at R.M.C. in June.

Lincoln Magor, who was in the Junior School, was the only boy from the Montreal High School to get first class honours in the Senior Matriculation last June. He is now at Bishop's University and, we understand, is playing on the Senior Rugby team.

M. K. Greene, who left Ashbury in 1906, is now Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the Royal Canadian Regiment, in London, Ontario.

Adam Fauquier is working up North, with Headquarters in Noranda. He is prospecting for Major J. E. Eakins.

We congratulate W. R. Eakin upon his engagement to Margaret Symington, the sister of an Old Boy.

J. B. Kirkpatrick, Head Prefect 1935-1936, is now attending the University of British Columbia. We are sorry to hear that 'Kirk' has entered a hospital to have his appendix removed.

Massy Baker is now at the R.M.C., Kingston.

We should like to extend our sympathy to "Pop" Irvin, whose step-father, Rev. Canon Gorman, died since the last issue of *The Ashburian* went to press.

A. C. Dunning, Head Prefect last year and Editor of the Magazine, is now at Queen's University. He is turning out with the Queen's Juniors this term.

Dr. Hugh Bostock has just built a house in Rockcliffe. Dr. Bostock, Dr. Wilson, and Sammy Gamble all headed Field Parties for the Department of Mines this Summer. Dr. Bostock was again in the Yukon, where he has spent many seasons in the past, and so was Gamble. J. T. Wilson was north of Rouen, in Quebec. Andrew Macphail is also with the Department of Mines.

The following Old Boys have visited the School recently:

W. Baskerville, J. Sharp, D. Paterson, N. McCormick, H. J. Ronalds, H. D. L. Snelling, I. S. Blair, H. Cowans, R. Cowans, J. Calder, A. Yuile, J. B. Kirkpatrick, D. M. Lawson, J. B. Reynolds, H. C. Monk, J. R. Allan, Jr., J. W. Ritchie, A. L. Patterson, L. Clayton, B. R. Ritchie, A. B. Brodie, I. T. Dewar, A. Heuser, R. L. Lane, M. Baker, A. C. Dunning, G. Fauquier, D. S. Paterson, B. Gilmour, J. T. Wilson, A. B. Beddoe,

We have just heard that a son or daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Garland. Hearty congratulations. We wish that we could say whether it was a son or a daughter.

EMPIRE DEFENCE

By D. B. Wurtele

One of the most important questions of to-day is the problem of Empire Defence. Why is the Empire increasing its defences to such an extent? Why is it increasing certain branches more than others? Why does the Empire require a defence programme at all? These are the questions which nearly every thinking subject of the Empire, indeed of the world, is asking. And as millions of dollars of the public's money is being spent each year on Empire Defence it is a question which people should consider.

Let us dwell on the question of why the Empire needs a defence. Of course as everyone realizes armed force is only one of the many ways in which governments try to obtain the desires of their peoples. This force is only used as a last resort. As Great Britain is the heart of the British Empire its policies will naturally effect those of the entire Empire. England depends largely on her colonies and other parts of the Empire for food and raw materials in order to exist. Therefore it is necessary to have a navy to keep safe guard over the trade routes of her ships. All the battles fought in the Great War were for no other reason. For instance those in Belgium were to prevent Germany gaining the channel ports from which they could operate action against the congested shipping in England's nearby ports.

This brings us to the second question of why England is increasing her forces to such an extent. As we all know there is a great deal of unrest in the world to-day and the fear of war is great. The other nations of the world are increasing their arms and, since the Empire is so far flung, a force is required which can cope with any nation or groups of nations which might attack or upset trading.

A moment ago we spoke of trade routes as being the life blood of the Empire, and in order to protect these routes a large navy is required, moreover the navy requires bases from which to function and so an army is organized to protect these bases. Likewise an air force is required to safe guard these bases, ports, and congested narrow shipping waters from air attack.

From the above considerations it seems clear that the Empire needs a well organized defence. Canada should, I think, be prepared, not only for its own interests, but also as part of the Empire, to provide a small nucleus around which we may build a larger, more efficient force should the time for its use occur. Besides providing a defence programme to safe guard the Empires' interests, we are also warding off the possibility of a European war. This seems strange to us in Canada who are so opposed to war, but nevertheless it seems to be true in Europe. As the lessons from the failure of the League of Nations point out, the only way left to ward off war is to make each nation fear the terrible weapons of the other nations, which man has now invented to destroy his fellow. This, a thin golden thread, seems to be the hope of salvation for the modern world from war. Let us hope that this thread will hold until a new and stronger one is discovered which will banish war forever.

CEUTA BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

By J. C. Tyrer

(Reproduced from the *Montreal Gazette*)

The small Spanish-African town of Ceuta has recently entered the news at frequent intervals along with the reports that German technicians are building gun emplacements for long range artillery that would make Britain's Gibraltar useless in future naval strategy.

Unfortunately this is as far as the reports go and newspaper readers know nothing of the beautiful little town of Ceuta and what became of its beauty.

Ceuta, as many a Mediterranean traveller knows, is small, pretty and plumb opposite the Rock. The town is dominated by a fair-sized fort which sits at the tip of the peninsula and is populated by Spaniards, Moors and nondescripts, one Englishman and a handful of Europeans.

As one approaches the harbor of Ceuta the clean-cut lines of the Moorish architecture strike the eye first and foremost as a reflection of an ended domination. But as the ship draws nearer, the sharpness of feature fades slowly and the brightening sun clearly shows the town in all the filth and dusty stagnation that have followed a centralization of thousands of poor and ill-kept people of various races.

A noisy autobus takes the visitor into the town for a few cents and after a short trip through the well-laid gardens of the richer inhabitants who live on the outskirts of Ceuta we are thrust from the bus by its motley passengers into the teeming mass of people who are rushing here and there to make their purchase before the hour for siesta curtails life everywhere in the town.

Looking out across the waters from the principal square the majority of Gibraltar looms in the distance, and closer, in the harbor, a variety of ships that defy description await their fishermen-owners or take on fuel. To the right the imposing hill on which the garrison is stationed looks over the entire town, commanding the land around the coast. In the rear of the town are the barracks of the soldier-police who patrol the town in armed squads, never singly, giving cause for British disgust and a silent prayer for the sanctity of the "bobby."

In the square one sees the best cross-section of life in this odd little town, for everyone passes through it to reach his home or business. The women, with their beautiful black hair colored a yellowish brown, are testimony to a vain effort to ape the American movie star to be seen at the local cinema. The men, Spaniards and Moor, leave their stores and handiwork to idle over their wine and listen to radical theories. It is here, too, that one hears the lottery sellers screaming their wildest and the losers cursing their loudest. In the American Bar at one corner Moor and Spaniards rub elbows with vendors and beggars of many

shades. Here, too, is the chicken merchant who brings his wares up to the table of a prospective customer and invites him to give it a jab in the ribs to feel how much meat there is. Always close by is the professional beggar, male or female, with a story in any language that demands courage by the resistant. The female of the species usually drags along an emaciated child and this invariably touches the heart of even the hardest of tourists. Once the coin has been passed, everyone in the cafe breathes a sigh of relief, for another American has been skinned, and "praise be to Allah," what better thing could happen?

Leaving the bar the visitor follows the mass movement to find himself being pushed towards the soldiers' barracks. There are few automobiles, consequently the road is little more than a sidewalk. Every now and then a car plows through, paying little attention to the pedestrians, who need not look to assure themselves of the driver, for the army officers are the only ones privileged to speed around in autos.

On reaching the crest of the town on which the barracks stand one must pass through the business section. Here, clustered more or less in bunches one finds a number of interesting institutions. Perhaps the most interesting are the private exchanges where the innocent tourist gets about half the value of the dollar. Unsatisfied with his tourist-fleecing, the numerous bankers also play havoc with Spaniards leaving for foreign lands by a reverse process.

A little beyond are the town's leading cinemas, where for a few pesetas such pictures as Cimarron and Rasputin and the Empress are offered to the discriminating Ceuta movie-goer. Only a short distance up hill from here is the crest of the town and from here the view is all-comprising.

The tiny harbor, the fishing boats, the quaintly garbed soldiers, the ragged children and the turbaned Moors all lie within easy view. Beyond it all stands proud Gibraltar, shrouded with soft white clouds. And although the town still rings with the deadly destruction of both Loyalist and Rebel bombs, there still must be some semblance of the Ceuta that was, before the Revolution.

Tyler left Ashbury in June 1936, and while at School was an Editor on the staff of The Ashburian.

THE DONATOR'S DILEMMA

by Lincoln Magor

(Reproduced by permission, from *The Mitre*)

"How about writing something for the 'Mitre'?"

You stop; turn around; lumps leap to your throat; your blood rages hot. Why you? Has he heard of you? Maybe your fame as a writer has preceded you. Why certainly it has. Look at that pleading stare, that I-can't-return-with-out-

it look, that glance that is trying to call up all that is noble and altruistic within you. You are elated. But you must be only condescending. You say—

"Why certainly, I'd be delighted—"

No, no! much too enthusiastic. Mustn't let him believe you really are delighted. Better to make him think the pleasure is all his. It should have sounded more like it would if "Sonny" had been added. He says—

"Good—"

Ah, you see he's pleased. At any rate he's definitely relieved. That contribution from you means a lot to him. Why he's almost crying with joy. No, he's sneezing. Just an attempt to hide his emotion. My, how have you understood his difficulties, and come to his aid! You say—

"Of course, I'm not very good."

This must be said sooner or later, and it's better to get it over with. Of course it's a lie, and you take no pains to disguise the fact. Your tone was modest enough, I believe. He says—

"H-m well—oh, that's all right."

Good Lord, he doesn't believe you does he? You hurriedly reply—

"Well, as a matter of fact, I have written one or two things for school magazines and the like, you know. Nothing important, but still—"

—I wonder if your tone was strong enough. Oh surely he knows he has struck oil by now. The very look on his face, the expression in his voice show his vital interest in your contributing. He says—

"Oh fine, you probably know the ropes pretty well, then eh."

Do you suppose he's getting a little patronizing? He seems to have forgotten that you're the important member of this discussion. Oh no, he's just trying to be friendly. Don't you notice that this—writing—racket—is—some—sport—eh! Look! You're both in the same boat aren't you? Both journalists? You say—

"Well, what sort of thing do you want?"

You can give him almost anything of course. Better let him realize that. Gesture with your hand and semaphore off subject after subject. No concrete suggestions, they might be all wet. This Mitre business is all new to you, you know. He replies—

"Oh, almost anything at all"

—Either it just doesn't matter or he's up a tree. Not a very helpful reply at any rate. I wonder if the question ever occurred to him? Probably not. It's very likely he's the editor, and you can't expect him to know. Maybe you'd better say something. Comment on the cut of his coat. Give him a chance to think. Ah, he's going to speak.

"Perhaps something about your summer holidays; a short story, an article, maybe. Anything at all."

He's pretty set on the last one, it seems. But I wouldn't touch it, if I were you—damn difficult subject, anything at all. Your summer holidays? No - no, I don't think so. Accounts of vacations are usually so full of such startling revelations as—I got up in the morning, and (poetically) the sun got up too. I ate breakfast (unusual attitude towards one's meals). The day was very hot (calculate to surprise, no doubt). I bummed around in the afternoon (the desire to speak like the common man, simply, directly). Played golf, or rather at golf (modesty in original wit). Went for a swim in a deliciously cool lake (striking description). Went dancing at night (the social element that appeals to all).—that I don't think would be quite fair to the excitable reader. Furthermore what you did during the summer is an advised journalistic topic. Your vacational activities are your own affairs, not the Mitre's.

A short story. Now you've got something there. What is necessary for a successful short story—imagination, wordly wisdom, humour, individuality, originality, perception, ability to depict and analyse character. Why, these are your outstanding traits! Still, there's the article. Article writing means prestige in the world of current thought. Just think of the political parties, the scientists, the temperance societies that will flock about you in order to pick up and use your terse, epigrammatic phrases, and your long, smooth, well-balanced sentences. Yes, yes, an article.

"When does copy have to be in?"

That's the way. Be journalistic. Don't talk about your contribution or your article. Copy, that's the word.

"The dead line is next Wednesday. All copy must be edited by Friday and the proofs returned from the printer's by Saturday—"

Boy, have you ever convinced him! To anyone else he would have said, "Please have your contribution ready by Wednesday." Technical expressions such as editing, copy, proof, printer's would have bounced right off them. You say—

"Fine—" Abrupt, business-like, no bandying words. Better go upstairs as if you were all set to start right away.

Well, here's the pencil and paper, the former poised over the latter, pregnant with purpose. It seems to be going around and around without much result. I'd paddle through a few pages of an old Mitre if I were you, just to get the general idea, you know. Well, you ought to have several ideas by now and all ought to be pretty general. And I suppose you've read a few of the articles.

Yes, and now it might dawn on you why I have called this the "Donator's Dilemma".

Magor was in the Junior School and left Ashbury in 1934

THROUGH THE YEARS

The following are extracts from early editions of The Ashburian. As this is the Old Boys' number the Editors thought that they would be of interest to those who left the School some time ago,

- (1909) After some hesitation the Headmaster arrived at a momentous conclusion, deciding to change the colours of the School. . . . from Red and Blue to Cardinal, White, and Dark Green. The reason for this change was that the former Colours, Blue and Red, were no longer distinctive, and it was felt to be desirable to have a combination of colours that could be registered and copyrighted.
- (1909) E. F. Newcombe, an old Ashbury boy who has been distinguishing himself at McGill is Prime Minister of the Mock Parliament at that college.
- (1912) On Wednesday, January 31st, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught paid Ashbury the very great honour of a visit. . . . Passing from the Lower Flat to the Second, the party visited a few of the bedrooms, and the sick-room, where Boyce was confined at the time. Their Royal Highnesses each spoke a few words to him.
- (1912) On March 24th, our service in the evening took place in St. Bartholomew's Church instead of in the gymnasium. We took our orchestra and our choir with us, and found a large congregation assembled. The Church had never been so full before: there was not a vacant seat when the service began. The orchestra and choir both performed well.
- (1912) At Easter of this year. . . . about twenty Old Boys of Ashbury assembled at a dinner in the School. . . . It was decided to form an Old Boys' Association, and the necessary officers were elected for the year; L. White, Hon. Sec., P. Chrysler, C. Fleming, and P. Woollcombe.
- (1912) Another Old Ashburian to graduate from McGill this year is Edmund Freeman Newcombe, (1898-1907) perhaps better known as "Nixie." Besides the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which he has already received, Nixie is now entitled to the letters B.C.L. after his name. It is probable that he will be called to the Bar and become a full-fledged lawyer this summer.
- (1916) On Sunday, February 11th, Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and the Ladies Rachel, Dorothy, and Anne Cavendish, attended Divine Service in the School Chapel.
- (1916) Lieutenant-Colonel E. de B. Panet, C.M.G., was mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's last despatch.
- (1919) On November 10th, the Boys were asked to appear at Government House in order that they might have the opportunity of meeting the Prince of Wales. . . . His Royal Highness expressed pleasure at seeing the boys from Ashbury. . . . Mr. Wooll-

combe in a brief speech thanked the Prince for his kindness in receiving the Boys, and wished him God-speed, and a safe return to England.

(1919) A recent visitor to Canada has been the Earl of Minto, who, as Lord Melgund, was a pupil at Ashbury during the tenure of office of his father as Governor-General.

(1920) Science Master to Class; "If this experiment goes wrong, we shall all be blown sky high. Come closer, Boys, so that you will be able to follow me better."

(1922) Letter to the Editor—

Sir;

Why have we no School Cat? In nearly every other large institution there exists one or more of these useful and ornamental animals. There are grave doubts as to whether "Pretzel" is worth his keep, but the more dignified and aesthetic cat would surely be cheaper to feed and equally useful in keeping down the mice.

(1922) Sports: Ashbury College versus the R.C.M.P. Final Score, Ashbury 3, R.C.M.P. 2.

(1922) Master Adam F——r entertained at a delightful Musicaire and Tea in his apartment, No. 7, the Lower Flat, on Tuesday evening last at 8.30 P.M. The peanut butter on soda biscuits was distributed by Master A. Brodie, and the water in pretty Lily-Cups was poured by Master H. Cann. The party broke up at 8.35 P.M., some of the guests leaving hurriedly the same evening for a visit to Lower Flat Spa.

(1924) A topical song, "Day after Day in IV B," followed this, (in the School Concert) and kept the audience in an uproar throughout the whole ten minutes of it. Mr. Edwards seems not to have omitted one of the so-called hardships of our daily routine in his song.

(1931) Quips and Cranks:

An epicure dining at Crewe
Found a corpulent mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
Or wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one too."

(1932) We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. H. M. Porritt, M.A., who has joined the Staff of the Junior School this term.

Which brings us from the past to the present, and concludes this brief review Through the Years.



SCHOOL



THE CHAPEL

CHAPEL NOTES

The Headmaster has again taken the majority of the services this term, and Mr. Edwards has continued as organist.

Holy Communion has been celebrated by Archdeacon Snowden and, since his return to Canada, by Dr. Woollcombe.

On several occasions the School has gone to the parish church, St. Bartholomew's.

On October 24th, Mr. Crawford Grier, Headmaster of Bishop's College School, delivered an address at the morning service, and on November 28th Canon Jefferson preached. Mr. Porritt also preached in the Chapel this term.

On November 11th, a special service was held in the Chapel in remembrance of the Fallen.

SCHOOL NOTES

We regret to announce the retirement from the Staff of Dr. M. S. Macphail, who has accepted a lectureship at Acadia University.

We welcome to the Staff Mr. L. Lucas, a graduate in Arts of Queen's University, Kingston. Mr. Lucas was awarded a Leonard Scholarship in Physics in 1936, and while at the university was a Tutor in Mathematics. He took his degree in Maths. and Physics Honours and after leaving Queen's attended the Ontario College of Education in Toronto, where he obtained his Specialist's Certificate.

During the summer Mr. Archdale was tendered a dinner in Halifax by the Old Boys in the neighbourhood. The dinner was organized by Mike Dwyer.

All those who had the pleasure of knowing him were delighted to see Dr. Woollcombe, the Founder of Ashbury, when he returned to Canada. Dr. Woollcombe is now Assistant to Canon Hepburn at All Saints Church and is living at 194 Coburg Street. On October 26th Dr. Woollcombe visited the School and addressed the Boys in the Assembly Hall.

We congratulate Mr. Brain on his marriage to the former Miss Barbara Broughall, of Hamilton. They were married on August 26th, in the Cathedral in Hamilton, and the service was conducted by the bride's father, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

An innovation this year is the holding of periodical At Homes in the School for Parents to come and meet the Staff and Governors informally. The first of these was held on October 29th when, in spite of the inclement weather, a large number of Parents came. The idea behind this scheme is to obtain even greater cooperation from the Parents, and discuss any problems and difficulties that arise.

At the Closing Exercises at Elmwood on June 8th, the Headmaster was a guest speaker.

On July 22nd Mr. Porritt attended Their Majesties' Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Edwards recently "crashed into print," with an insertion in Punch. Reward, five shillings.

Both the Burrows have distinguished themselves since the last issue of The Ashburian. Burrows I, who incidentally was a Counsellor at Camp Kagawong during the summer, has won the Strathcona Medal for Shooting, and Burrows II won the City of Ottawa Junior Tennis Championship in July.

King was on Patrol Duty with the R.C.M.P. during the holidays. He was attached to the River Patrol.

Below we reproduce, in part, an extract from the Ottawa *Citizen* of October 30th.

E. P. EARNSHAW, OTTAWA, GIVEN CARNEGIE MEDAL

Son of Newly Appointed Director of Signals, Who Only Recently Moved to Capital,
Gets Hero Award for Life-Saving at Peggy's Cove, N.S.

Associated Press.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 29.—Four Canadians will receive bronze medals in recognition of acts of bravery from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission.

Three of them—Earnshaw, Miss Luton and Hertzberg—attempted to save Margaret Metzler, 40, and helped to save Thomas E. Brown from drowning in Peggy's Cove, N.S., July 12, 1936.

Washed From Rock.

Mrs. Metzler was washed from a flat rock at the shore of the Atlantic ocean and lost consciousness while drifting in open water. Earnshaw took off his outer clothing and swam 60 feet to the woman, but he was unable to get her to the rock because of the strong backwash.

Miss Luton swam to his aid but together they were carried back from the rock each time they approached with Mrs. Metzler. Hertzberg, attempting to clasp their hands near the rock, slipped into the water.

Brown, who had only one arm, also fell into the water while trying to help the others to regain the rock. Miss Luton and Earnshaw supported Brown until he was taken into a boat. Mrs. Metzler was pulled to shore by a rope but was not revived.

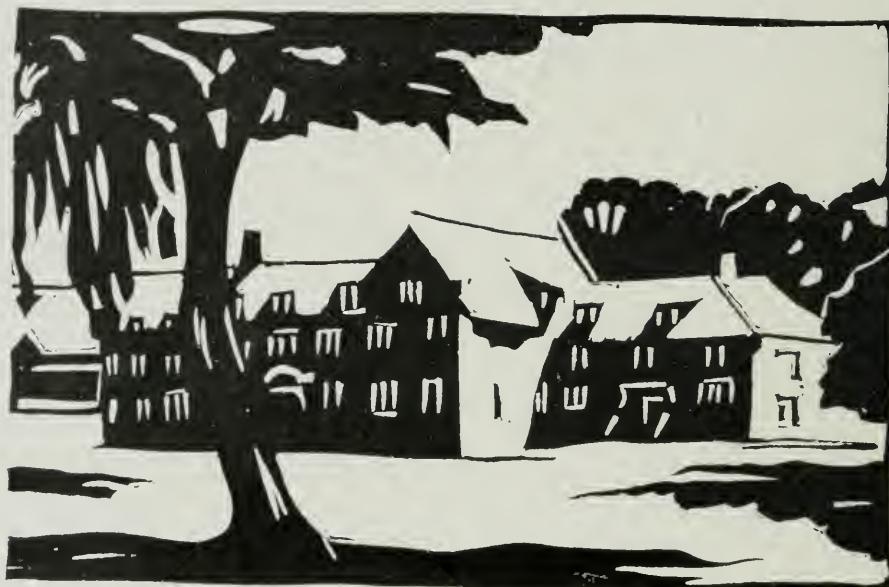
Eric P. Earnshaw is the 17-year-old son of Colonel Phillip Earnshaw, newly appointed director of signals of the Department of National Defence, and Mrs. Earnshaw and lives at 71 Thomas street, New Edinburgh. The family moved to Ottawa only six weeks ago from Halifax.

Eric is at present a student at Ashbury College, Rockcliffe and is studying to try the naval entrance examinations next spring. In Halifax he was patrol leader and King Scout in the Ninth Troop of Halifax and had qualified for and received his swimmer's and rescuer's badges for water ability and life saving. Following the heroic rescue he was awarded the bronze medal for gallantry, the highest award in the Scouts, which has been won only five times in Canada. He was also presented with the Humane Society medal for heroism.

Reporting on the accident the Halifax Chronicle stated that it was the first time in the memory of the oldest residents that anyone had ever entered the surf at Peggy's Cove and reached shore alive. The undertow is described as being too strong for anyone to possibly swim against and natives of the district are unable to explain how the boy and his two companions were able to reach shore against the tide.

The Ashburian, on behalf of the School, offers Earnshaw its hearty congratulations.

A Dark Room has recently been built in the basement, so that Boys interested in Photography may now develop their own pictures.



THE SCHOOL

SPORTS DAY

By J. A. Smart

This year Sports Day was held on May 24th, and was a great success, with all contestants eager to do their best. The weather, fortunately, remained fair throughout the day.

The preliminaries were held during the morning and the main events in the afternoon, and although no records were broken the times were good.

At the conclusion of the Sports the Boys and visitors assembled in front of the school, where the Headmaster asked Mrs. T. H. Leggett to present the prizes.

The four challenge cups which go to the senior, intermediate, junior and 880-yards senior winners, were presented to the following; Fleming Cup to W. A. Grant, senior winner; Wright Cup to J. A. Smart, intermediate winner; Aylwin Cup to F. E. Bronson, junior winner, and Beardmore Cup to C. McCallum, who won the senior 880-yards event.

The awards for the cross country races, which were held a few weeks ago, were also presented. C. McCallum won the senior race and the Kerr Cup and L. J. McCallum, who placed second in the senior race, was awarded a medal.

The Irvine Cup, for the intermediate cross country winner, was presented to R. Stedman, and the junior cross country cup to F. E. Bronson. The latter race was run for the first time this year, and is held over a shorter course than the senior and intermediate contests.

Bronson, winner of the junior all-round championship and the Aylwin Cup, was given special mention by the Headmaster for his performance.

Bronson injured his thigh early in the meet in winning the running broad jump, but went on to lead the field home in the 220 yard race.

The complete results were as follows:

Junior

100 yards—1. F. E. Bronson, 2. C. R. Burrows.

Throwing the cricket ball—1. C. R. Burrows; 2. C. R. Goodwin.

Broad jump—1. F. E. Bronson; 2. G. R. Goodwin

220 yards—1. F. E. Bronson; 2. J. A. MacGowan

High jump—1. C. R. Burrows; 2. P. C. Berry

Obstacle race—1. D. M. Key; 2. A. B. R. Lawrence

120 yards hurdles—1. A. L. Key; 2. D. M. Key.

Intermediate

100 yards—1. J. A. Smart; 2. J. C. Phillips.

220 yards—1. J. A. Smart; 2. E. D. Wilgress.

Broad jump—1. J. C. Phillips; 2. G. Green.

120 yards hurdles—1. J. A. Smart; 2. J. T. H. Leggett.
 440 yards—1. J. C. Viets; 2. J. A. Smart.

Senior

100 yards—1. W. A. Grant; 2. J. K. C. Wallace.
 High jump—1. H. M. Baker; 2. R. L. Lane.
 220 yards—1. W. A. Grant; 2. R. L. Lane.
 Throwing the cricket ball—1. G. H. Murray; 2. W. N. McCormick.
 880 yards—1. C. McCallum; 2. W. H. Ellis.
 Broad jump—1. L. F. Burrows; 2. J. K. C. Wallace.
 120 yards hurdles—1. L. S. Blair; 2. H. M. Baker.
 440 yards—1. W. A. Grant; 2. L. F. Burrows.
 Obstacle race—1. L. J. McCallum; 2. J. C. Phillips.

Special

75 yards (under 12 years)—1. J. C. M. McLaren; 2. A. L. Key.
 One mile open—1. W. H. Ellis; 2. L. F. Burrows.
 Old boys' race—1. D. M. Lawson; 2. J. B. Reynolds.
 Inter-house tug of war—1. Connaught House.
 Inter-house relay race—Connaught House.

THE CLOSING

(Reproduced from the account in the Citizen of June 14th.)

Ashbury Prizes Presented And School Year Reviewed; Tribute To Late Statesman

"All that our school system aims to attain is exemplified in the life and work of Sir Robert Borden," declared Major E. F. Newcombe, speaking at the annual Ashbury College prize giving on Saturday afternoon, when in view of the former prime minister's passing, the usual school closing exercises were not fully carried out.

Cricket and tennis matches and an old boys' luncheon had been arranged, but in order to allow the guests to attend the funeral these and other activities were curtailed to an informal tea at 4.30 o'clock and the prize giving, which took place in the gymnasium.

Despite this there was a large attendance of parents, former students and guests for the event. Present on the platform were Major E. F. Newcombe, Chairman of the Board of Governors, who presided; Principal and Mrs. N. M. Archdale; Senator Cairine Wilson, who presented the prizes, and John Rowley, newly elected member of the board.

In his headmaster's report marking the completion of his first school year at Ashbury, Mr. Archdale said that it had been a year of "re-organization and to a

certain extent of experiment." The work and progress of the school had been highly satisfactory, and he looked forward with confidence to excellent conditions and results in the future.

HAPPY, HEALTHY, EFFICIENT

Major Newcombe, as chairman and speaker, welcomed Mr. Archdale as Headmaster, as well as three other new members of the Staff. "It has been a matter of constant anxiety on the part of the board to do everything possible to enable the school to achieve its objects. Its ideal has been to make it a happy, efficient institution, and we believe our efforts have been rewarded," he said.

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that we welcome John Rowley who was elected to the board today. He comes to us with a unique record of Ashbury tradition behind him, as his father was an original founder and the first chairman of the college, and his mother was a governor."

Major Newcombe then referred to the death of Sir Robert Borden as of the greatest regret to all present. "Others have paid him the tributes he so splendidly deserves," he said, "but perhaps I may be permitted to refer to him in certain phases of his greatness which have application to those with their lives ahead of them and who are just finishing their school days.

NO FINER EXAMPLE

"There is no finer example to be found of the ordered habits and well trained mind, coupled with high ideals and the courage to stand by his convictions—all that our school system aims to attain is exemplified in his life and work. These were doing the day's work to the best of his ability and with all his heart; striving by study to do it better, and following the affairs of the day closely as they concerned his country and fellow citizens."

The speaker gave a brief summary of Sir Robert Borden's career, and said that to him with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir John A. Macdonald Canada owes more than can ever be appreciated.

"Throughout your lives," he continued, "you will be constantly reminded of him."

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

Mr. Archdale then presented his report in which he reviewed the work and changes of the year. "Believing that school should be a happy place, with everyone, whether teaching or learning, working together both for their own good and that of the school, I have tried to create a cheerful, friendly atmosphere. With that as a foundation we can build up scholarship, character and Christian ideals," he said.

He deprecated the rush that takes place around examination time, and believed that with proper arrangement of study this could be avoided. The health of the school had been excellent and the result of sports and physical training reflected satisfactorily in the general standard. He mentioned the visit of the Governor General, Lord Tweedsmuir, and of officers of the G.G.F.G., and referred to some of

the school activities and societies. Finally he thanked the staff and the Board of Governors for the assistance rendered him during his first year as principal.

CORONATION SCHOLARSHIPS

Two scholarships, to be known as Coronation Scholarships, are being offered this year to boys under 14 years of age. They are of the value of \$400 and \$350 respectively.

Mr. Archdale also welcomed three new members of the staff, Dr. M. Macphail A. A. V. Waterfield and Miss Moroni, to take the place of teachers who have retired.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

A Valedictory address was given by A. C. Dunning, head prefect and son of Finance Minister C. A. Dunning. Mr. Archdale paid tribute to this boy's fine record in the school and the excellent example he had set to others.

PRISES PRESENTED

Senator Cairine Wilson then presented the prizes as follows: Form prizes: Set 1, H. M. Baker; Set 2, McGill, I. A. Blair; Set 3, Toronto, R. L. Lane; Set 4, E. D. Wilgress; Standard prize, R. G. R. Lawrence; Set 5, G. W. Green; Set 6, F. E. Bronson; Set 7, D. Phillips.

Special prize: Governor General's Medal, H. M. Baker; Southam Cup, A. C. Dunning. Science, Wodehouse prize, R. L. Lane; E. D. Wilgress, commended; French, Angus prize, H. D. Snelling; Maths., Wilson prize, H. M. Baker; Junior Oral French, P. Angell; Public speaking, senior prize, W. H. Ellis; intermediate, G. W. Green; junior, A. M. Curry; Nelson Shield, A. C. Dunning; Debating Society, Porritt Cup, A. C. Dunning; James Wilson prizes, H. J. Ronalds and I. A. Barclay; Southam Bat, I. A. Barclay, honorable mention, W. A. Grant; School Trophy, junior R. G. R. Lawrence. Roberts Allan Cup, gym, F. E. Bronson; Connaught Cup, H. D. Snelling; Wilson Shield, Connaught House; Wiggins Tennis Cup, junior, C. R. Burrows; senior badminton, H. J. Ronalds; junior badminton, C. R. Burrows.

EXCHANGES

The Editors gratefully acknowledge receiving the following:

The Broadcaster, School 51, Buffalo, N.Y.

The Canberra, Canberra Grammar School, Canberra, Australia.

The College Times, Upper Canada College Toronto.

The Cranbrookian, Cranbrook School, England.

The Cranleighan, Cranleigh School, England.

The Felstedian, Felsted School, Felsted, Essex, England.

The Grove Chronicle, Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ont.

The Lower Canada College Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal.

The Lawrentian, St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, England
The Marlburian, Marlborough College, Marlborough, Wilts, England
The Meteor, Rugby School, Rugby, England.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
The R. M. C. Review, R.M.C. Kingston.
The Tonbridgian, Tonbridge School, Tonbridge, Kent, England.
Samara, Elmwood School, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa.
The Trinity University Review, Trinity University, Toronto.
Toc H Journal, Toc H Westminster, S. W.1., England.
The St. Andrew's College Review, St. Andrews' College, Aurora, Ontario.
Trafalgar Echoes, Trafalgar Institute, Montreal.
The Patrician Herald St. Patrick's High School, Quebec City.
The Cranbrookian, Cranbrook School, Cranbrook, England.

LECTURES

A SCHOOLBOY EXPEDITION TO THE WEST

Reviewed by A. Cowans

On Saturday evening November 13th, Mr. Ignatieff from Upper Canada College visited the School with a colour film taken last summer in Northern British Columbia and Alberta.

The film was shown in the gymnasium which was filled with parents, residents of Rockcliffe and the girls of Elmwood School.

The film described the journey very fully from start to finish. The trip was composed of boys from different schools all over Canada which included Upper Canada College, Bishop's College School and Trinity College School. They had eighty-six pack and saddle horses which were more than useful on the trip, but though the party met with many adventures, there was not one accident or major set back during the whole trip.

There were some very good "snaps" taken of the guides shooting the rapids in British Columbia, and of boys fishing, swimming and striking camp, and some of the pictures that were taken of the mountains were excellent.

After this film was over Mr. Ignatieff gave a short account of the underlying idea behind these trips in the summer time. He expressed the hope of forming one day, in Canada, a Schoolboy Exploration Society which would afford a new opportunity for boys to become better acquainted with the country in which they live.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Archdale thanked Mr. Ignatieff on behalf of the audience.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Reviewed by R. G. Goodwin

On Tuesday, November 15th, Mr. Gorton, of Imperial Airways, Limited, London, gave a lecture on the work done by his firm.

Mr. Gorton stated that first of all he wanted us to forget the 'planes we see flying around here now, because the type he proposed to talk about were very much larger.

He then showed us some interesting slides which immediately captured the attention of the audience, and he explained everything in great detail.

After the slides had been shown, Mr. Gorton explained how the big planes worked, and he called for questions from the audience. This met with a ready response and kept Mr. Gorton busy for ten minutes or so, until he had exhausted all the questions.

After that the speaker left the Assembly Room, and we continued with Study.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Par W. H. Ellis

Pendant les trimestres de la Trinité et de la Saint-Michel, le Cercle Français ne s'est pas réuni d'une telle regularité que nous avions espérée, à cause des exigences des examens et des sports. Nous avons assisté, cependant, à une soirée de théâtre, où une comedie en trois actes, intitulée l'Abbe Constantin, a été présentée par La Section Dramatique de l'Ecole de Diction—Notre Dame d'Ottawa. Nous l'avons beaucoup appréciée.

Nous espérons avoir plusieurs débats et, aussi, aller voir d'autres pièces, cet hiver. Car c'est un des objets du cercle de développer une appréciation de la littérature française.

DRAMATICS

At the time of going to press rehearsals are in progress for the three One-Act plays Ashbury is putting on in the Little Theatre on December 15th, under the distinguished patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Lady Tweedsmuir.

The plays chosen for this year are a condensed version of the first act of "Hamlet", J. J. Bell's "Thread O' Scarlet", and John Madison Morton's "Box and Cox." Mr. Porritt is directing the first two plays, and Mr. Waterfield the last.

A full report of the performance will appear in the next issue of The Ashburian.

THE LIBRARY

We are indebted to Senator and Mr. Wilson for their handsome gift to the School Library, a set of the Smithsonian Scientific Series. As there are only a limited number of these sets in existence we feel proud to possess one in the School.

The Carnegie Institute continues to send us valuable books and pamphlets dealing with world affairs. These are kept in a separate cupboard but are available to boys at all times.

The Library Committee this year is composed of the Headmaster, Mr. Porritt, Ellis, Barclay and Stewart.

CADET NOTES

THE INSPECTION

By A. C. Dunning

The annual Inspection of the Cadet Corps was held this year on the morning of Tuesday, May 18th. The inspecting Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. G. Chrysler, Officer Commanding the G.G.F.Gs., was unable to appear, due to illness, and so his place was taken by Major W. G. Wurtele, M.C., V.D., who was accompanied by Captain de L. H. M. Panet, of General Staff, M.D.3. and attended by Lieutenant Wodehouse.

The Corps, under the command of Company Leader Dunning, and Platoon Leaders Ellis and Baker, and including the First Aid Squad and the Band, was inspected, and then marched past in column, close column, and in fours. After the Colour Party was marched on the Corps advanced in review order. The Colours were then marched off and the Corps was dismissed from ceremonial parade.

The senior members of the squad then reviewed some of the usual activities of the cadet training. Various members of the ranks were called out to give drill orders. Sergt. Grant gave the "fix" and "unfix" bayonets, followed by Corpl. Stedman, who gave the ranks arms drill. Sergt. Viets drilled the Corps as a platoon, after which Corpl. Maclarens was called out to give some "extended order" drill. He explained the objective, and then marched the troops by signals. Corpl. Lane then took over and dismissed the squad.

The junior members of the First Aid squad then performed various operations, dressing and bearing away a broken thigh case, a case of a broken collar bone, and applied artificial respiration to a victim of electrocution.

Finally the Corps formed a Hollow Square, and the trophies and prizes for the shooting competitions held throughout the year were presented by Mrs. Maclarens. Major Wurtele then addressed the Corps and extolled the use and reason for military training. At the conclusion of his speech Major Wurtele asked the Corps be given a half holiday, which the Headmaster granted that afternoon. Cheers were given for the King, Major Wurtele, and Captain Panet, and the Corps was finally dismissed

On May 12th, the Corps, under Company Leader Dunning, paraded on Parliament Hill with the Governor-General's Foot Guards and at the Trooping of the Colours on June 9th, through the kindness of Major Wurtele, Ashbury Cadets were the official ushers.

On November 11th, the anniversary of Armistice Day, the Corps, under Company Leader Ellis, was represented at the ceremony on Parliament Hill, and a wreath was deposited on the Cenotaph.

On this occasion the Corps wore for the first time their new caps. These caps are similar to those worn by the Governor-General's Foot Guards, with whom the Ashbury Cadets are affiliated.

We have heard many reports lately on the smartness of the Ashbury Cadets, and this can only be interpreted as a compliment to Captain Johnson who has spent so much time on the Corps and to whom this smartness in appearance and drill is entirely due. Mr. Johnson is in charge of the Corps again this year.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Officers of the Foot Guards for once again asking the Corps into their Mess for refreshments after the parade.



THE LIBRARY

FIRST XI



Standing: G. H. Murray, J. C. Viets, W. A. Grant, H. M. Baker, T. H. W. Read, C. McCallum, L. J. McCallum.

Seated: I. A. Barclay, A. C. Dunning, H. D. L. Snelling (captain), H. J. Ronalds, W. N. McCormick, D. McLaren.

GAMES

CRICKET

Season 1937

By I. A. Barclay, Captain 1938

Last term a new wicket was laid, considered one of the best in Eastern Canada. Composed basically of stone dust it should afford little excuse for unintentional off line bowling next season.

The School benefited greatly by the expert and energetic coaching of Mr. Brain, who devoted much of his time and patience to the team.

Owing to the fact that there was a new pitch and many newcomers, the team was slow in finding form. The batting was weak at the start, but improved as the season went on. There was a good standard in bowling, however, throughout the season, and good individual fielding, though it was inclined to be erratic at times.

Out of six games played, we won two, drew one, and lost three, winning our annual games with L. C. C. and the Old Boys, but losing to Bishop's College School.

Last year's eleven was a young one, but its keenness and the experience gained should be of great value, and this, we think, augurs well for the Summer term.

FIRST XI

Characters

By H. D. L. Snelling, Captain.

A. C. DUNNING (Vice-Captain) 3rd. year on team. A good forcing bat with some really good off shots. Kept wicket well although it was not his natural place on the field.

H. J. RONALDS 3rd. year on team. A really good forcing bat, but at times was inclined to hit before properly set. A useful change bowler, and a really brilliant slips.

I. A. BARCLAY 2nd. year on team. A most improved batsman with some strong leg shots. A natural bowler who invariably kept a good length and at times bowled some lovely swerving balls. Improved fielder.

W. N. McCORMICK 2nd. year on team. A powerful hitter with an unorthodox but at times effective style. Very quick in the field and a good throwing arm.

McCALLUM 1 2nd. year on team. Good stylish bat who possesses a good straight drive. Shows promise as a bowler. Rather slow in the field.

GRANT 2nd. year on team. A very promising batsman with a good style. Perhaps will become a good change bowler. Fair field.

VIETS 1st. year on team. At present inexperienced, but shows promise as a batsman. A good field, and has a very safe pair of hands

MURRAY 2nd. year on team. A very much improved cricketer. A good field and a beautiful throwing arm.

BAKER 1st. year on team. Shows promise as a batsman and bowler. Good catch

McCALLUM II 1st. year on team. A promising batsman. Very quick in the field

READ 1st. year on team. Shows promise as an opening bat

MACLAREN 1st. year on team. At present inexperienced, but shows promise of becoming a cricketer.

By A. D. Brain, Esq.

H. D. L. SNELLING 4th. year on team. An enthusiastic and able captain, who led his team well both on the field and off. A really good fast-medium bowler makes the ball go away with his arm, and occasionally breaks back sharply. As a batsman, is rather liable to get himself out at the start of his innings, but, once set, scores freely with sound strokes on both sides of the wicket. Fields keenly at mid-off.

BATTING AVERAGES

		Times Innings	Not out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Ronalds		7	1	131	30	21.83
Snelling		7	1	99	31	15.50
McCormick		6	1	75	29	15.00
Grant		6	2	54	25	13.50
Barclay		6	0	52	30	8.66
Dunning		6	0	38	19	6.33
McCallum I		5	0	20	8	4.00
Also Batted						
Murray		3	1	20	12	10.00
McCallum II		3	1	14	6	7.00
Read		3	0	14	9	4.66
Viets I		2	1	4	4	4.00

BOWLING AVERAGES

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Barclay	57.01	8	144	18	8.00
Snelling	90.08	19	234	18	13.00
McCallum I	19.00	1	85	5	17.00
Ronalds	47.00	7	168	8	21.00
Also Bowled					
Grant	1.00	0	4	1	4.00

GAMES PLAYED

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
6	2	3	1

COLOURS

The following were awarded their 1st XI Cricket Colours.

A. C. DUNNING
 H. J. RONALDS
 I. A. BARCLAY
 W. N. McCORMICK.

The following members of the 1st XI were awarded their 2nd Colours with Crest.

GRANT
 McCALLUM I
 McCALLUM II
 BAKER
 MURRAY
 READ
 VIETS I

The following were awarded their 2nd XI Colours

BLAIR
 PHILLIPS II
 MACLAREN
 KNOX
 WILSON I

ASHBURY vs. LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Played at Ashbury May 6th.

L. C. C.	Ashbury
Palmer, c. McCormick, b. Snelling	4
Routledge, c. Snelling, b. Ronalds	13
Taylor, l.b.w., b. Snelling	2
Maitland, c. Grant, b. Barclay	14
Burgess, not out	10
Horsnell, c. Ronalds, b. Barclay	0
MacDonald, b. Barclay	0
Sweet, b. Barclay	0
Campbell II, c. Ronalds, b. Ronalds	3
Field, b. Ronalds	0
Campbell I, c. Read, b. Barclay	2
Extras	4
TOTAL	52
 Second Innings	
Burgess, run out	3
Routledge, c. Phillips II, b. Snelling	0
Palmer, b. Barclay	3
Maitland, c. Phillips II, b. Snelling	35
Taylor, not out	7
Campbell II, not out	2
Extras	9
TOTAL for 4 wickets	59

Result: Ashbury won by 96 runs and 4 wickets.
(Second innings not completed)

ASHBURY vs. BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
Played in Lennoxville, May 22nd

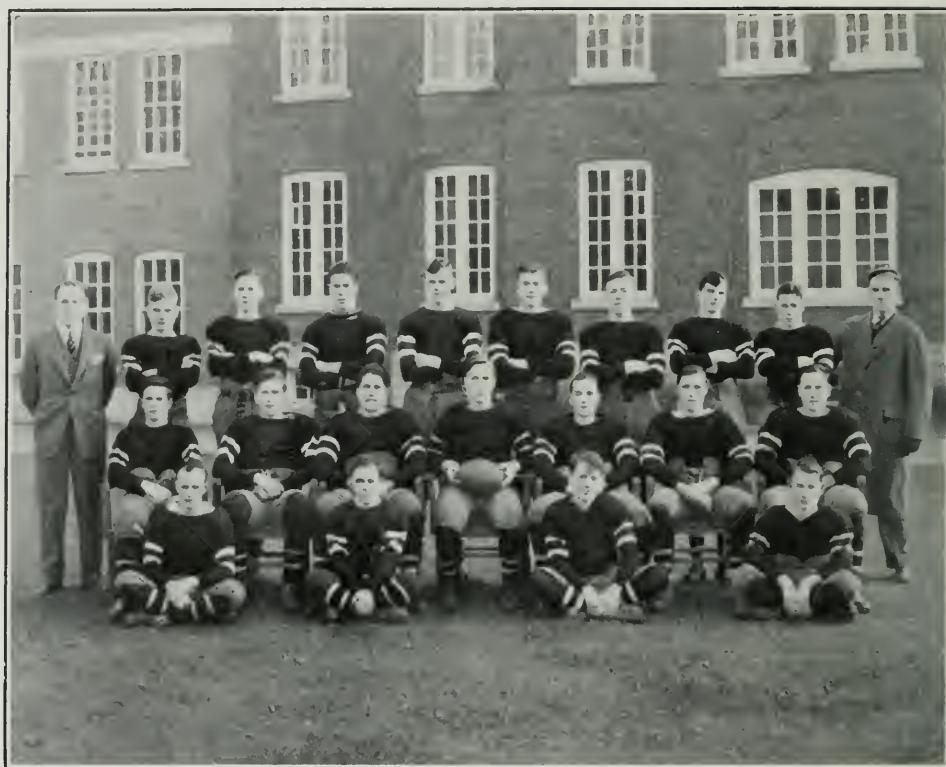
B. C. S.	Ashbury
Tyndale, b Snelling	4
Packard, c. Dunning, b. Barclay	37
Hodge, c. Viets, b. Ronalds	14
Hertzberg, run out	3
Robinson, l.b.w., b. Snelling	8
Byers, c. Ronalds, b. Snelling	10
Cross, b. Barclay	46
Kenny, c. Grant, b. Snelling	2
Sewell, b. Barclay	9
Smith, b. Barclay	9
Molson, not out	1
Extras	7
TOTAL	150
Second Innings	TOTAL
Tyndale, c. Viets, b. Snelling	2
Packard, b. Barclay	0
Hodge, c. Viets, b. McCallum I	22
Hertzberg, c. b. McCallum I	14
Robinson, retired hurt	27
Byers, c. McCallum II, b. Snelling	3
Cross, b. Snelling	10
Kenny II, not out	4
Sewell, not out	2
Extra	3
TOTAL for 7 wickets (declared)	87
Second Innings	TOTAL
Ronalds, c. b. Byers	12
McCormick, b. Hodge	4
Snelling, b. Sewell	31
Dunning, b. Hodge	0
McCallum I, b. Hodge	8
Grant, c. b. Hertzberg	2
Murray, b. Sewell	5
Barclay, b. Byers	15
Viets, c. b. Hodge	4
McCallum II, not out	0
Read, b. Byers	0
Extras	3
TOTAL	83

Result: B.C.S. won by 69 runs.

ASHBURY vs. OLD BOYS
Played at Ashbury, June 12th.

Old Boys	Ashbury
Beardmore, c. Viets, b. Barclay	10
Symington, c. Baker, b. Barclay	3
Beauleirk, b. Snelling	0
Galt, b. Snelling	2
Kirkpatrick, b. Barclay	1
McMaster, b. Barclay	0
Rhodes, not out	10
Archdale, c. Baker, b. Snelling	5
Brode, b. Barclay	0
Heuser, b. Ronalds	0
Heuser, D., b. Barclay	3
Blair, not out	5
Extras	4
TOTAL	43
Second Innings	TOTAL for 4 wickets (declared)
Beardmore, c. Ronalds, b. Barclay	1
Smellie, c. Barclay, b. Snelling	17
Symington, b. Snelling	16
Beauleirk, l.b.w., b. Snelling	3
Archdale, not out	31
Galt, b. Ronalds	5
McMaster, not out	10
Extras	7
TOTAL (for 5 wickets)	90

FIRST XII



Standing: A. D. Brain, Esq., A. Smart, D. Maclaren, I. A. Barclay, W. H. Ellis, L. F. Burrows, T. H. W. Read, A. M. Wilson, R. R. Drake, J. K. C. Wallace

Seated: J. C. Phillips, W. A. Grant, R. A. Borden, J. C. Viets (captain), G. H. Murray, J. M. Brown, R. B. Main, D. H. Coghill, L. J. McCallum, V. J. Wilgress, R. W. Stedman.

Result. Ashbury won by 34 runs and 6 wickets.

(Second innings not completed)

INTERMEDIATE CRICKET

One day in May the Intermediates journeyed to Brockville to play St. Alban's. After lunch at the School the teams assembled on the cricket ground. Ashbury won the toss and batted first, knocking up about thirty runs. St. Alban's got 52 runs when they batted.

In the second innings, when we were more used to the grass pitch, we gave a better account of ourselves, and after a most welcome tea on the grounds we had to leave before St. Alban's could finish their second innings.

FOOTBALL

SEASON 1937

By J. C. Viets, Captain.

This season every member of the Rugby practice has learned something about the game, to a greater extent in some cases, of course, than in others. Every game and every practice has added more of that ingredient which is so indispensable to any team, experience. The boys have learned to play as one unit instead of twelve separate ones, and the team spirit has been wonderful.

In addition to learning Rugby, we have been able to tie with B.C.S. and L.C.C. for the championship of these schools. The coaching duties have been taken over this year by Mr. Brain, and the job has cost him many weary hours and sleepless nights, thinking out a fine set of plays. These plays stood us in good stead and, with a little thinning, they ought to run even better next year, as all but four or five of the team will be returning.

We are grateful to Mr. Lucas for his constant interest and attendance at practices. Thanks are also due to Blair Gilmour, last year's coach, for his sound instruction in fundamentals last season, upon which the improvement in the School's football this year was largely based.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

By J. C. Viets, Captain.

R. A. BORDEN: (Vice-Captain) Second year on team. Middle. A sound ball carrier and a sure tackle in the centre of the line. He was the main factor in keeping up the spirit of the team.

J. K. C. WALLACE: Second year on team. Half. Started as our kicker, but developed into our best plunger. He still needs practice in catching on the run. We lost him in our first major game, due to a broken arm.

G. H. MURRAY: Second year on team. Half. Needs to learn to pass out his end runs. Kicked excellently in Wallace's place. A sure tackle in safety position.

W. A. GRANT: Second year on team. Half. Proved very reliable as a ball carrier, and was a tower of strength in secondary position.

J. M. BROWN: Second year on team. Snap. Had excellent control of the ball. Was very quick at stopping end runs.

MAIN: First year on team. Flying Wing. Shows great ability in the broken field, and kicks well.

BARCLAY: First year on team. Quarter. Started the season in a position with which he was unacquainted and improved tremendously. However, he can still learn a great deal by experience.

MACLAREN: Second year on team. Inside. Started the season as an outside, but soon found he was better suited to the inside position, where he played a splendid game.

PHILLIPS II: First year on team. Outside. Was a sure down-field tackle. Made many openings for the ball-carriers by his interference.

BURROWS I: First year on team. Outside. Tackled well under kicks. Clipped and blocked safely on the line and was a fast runner.

COGHILL: First year on team. Outside. Had the knack of breaking up end runs. Played a consistently good game.

STEDMAN: First year on team. Inside. Tackled well, and thoroughly understood his position both in attack and in defence.

McCALLUM: First year on team. Spare Quarter. Knew the plays and could handle the team, but is still very inexperienced.

WILGRESS I: First year on team. Spare Half. Was very keen, but was greatly handicapped by his weight.

ELLIS: First year on team. Spare Half. Lacks experience, but did some good work.

DRAKE: First year on team. Spare Lineman. Is still unfamiliar with the game, but may be very useful next year.

SMART: First year on team. Spare Lineman. Good at breaking through the line, and should develop next season.

READ: First year on team: Spare Lineman. Rather slow, but works hard.

By A. D. Brain, Esq.

J. C. VIETS (Captain) Middle. His enthusiasm and leadership produced and maintained a splendid team-spirit. His blocking was the main factor in the attack and his secondary defence work was always sure and intelligent.

COLOURS

The following were awarded their 1st XII Football Colours;

R. A. BORDEN
J. K. C. WALLACE
G. H. MURRAY
W. A. GRANT
J. M. BROWN.

HOME vs. NEPEAN HIGH SCHOOL

Lost 11-10

The game was played on the afternoon of Friday, October 8th. This was the first game of the season for Ashbury, and at first there was not a great deal of confidence among our players, but as the game proceeded they soon saw that they were just as powerful as the opposition.

Wallace opened the scoring for the School by running fifty yards through the entire Nepean team, to score a try which was not converted, the kick being blocked. The next Ashbury score came after a steady march from mid-field. After three ineffectual attempts to buck across the line, the "enemy" gained possession. They kicked desperately on first down to get the ball out of danger. Brown blocked the kick, and Burrows leapt on it from behind the line. The convert again failed.

Nepean scored a converted try, a placed goal and two singles.

The School line-up was as follows:—Flying Wing, Main; Halves, Wallace, Grant, Murray I; Quarter, Barclay; Snap, Brown; Insides, Stedman, Viets I; Middles, Borden, Ellis; Outsidies, Burrows I, Phillips II; Alternates, Coghill, Maclaren, Wilgress I, Wilson I, McCallum II, Smart, Drake, Read.

HOME vs. GLEBE COLLEGIATE JUNIORS

Lost 6-4

On October 16th, Glebe Collegiate Juniors played an exhibition game with the Senior team. The teams were evenly matched and the final issue of the game was in doubt until the final whistle blew.

But for the excellent tackling of the Glebe Ends, Grant and Murray would have got into the clear many times. Wallace scored the first points of the game when he scored a dropped goal for Ashbury late in the first quarter. Glebe then got a single, which was closely followed by another single scored by Wallace for Ashbury.

Just before the whistle went for Half Time, Glebe scored a touch down, which they failed to convert.

The School line-up was as follows:—Halves, Murray I, Grant, Wallace; Quarter Barclay; Snap, Brown; Insides, Viets I, Stedman; Middles, Borden, Ellis; Outsides, Coghill, Maclarens; Alternates, Burrows I, Phillips II, Drake, Smart, Read, Wilgress I, Wilson I.

HOME vs. BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Won 6-5

The game was played on the morning of Saturday, Oct. 23rd., at Ashbury. After many hours of practising, and with the invaluable experience gained in two practice games, the boys entered their first inter-school game feeling like a real team.

After only a few minutes of play in the first quarter, John Wallace caught a kick on his own twenty-five yard line and ran for seventy yards along the touch line to score a try. It was not converted. Catching the following kick-off, Wallace was hit by a hard tackle as he was falling, which broke his arm. However, we were able to hold on without Wallace until half time, but after the rest B.C.S. began a march down the field which ended in a try for them which was not converted. The score was tied, five all, until Murray, who was kicking instead of Wallace, with a beautifully placed kick scored one more point by a touch-in-goal. Bishop's struggled hard but the score ended 6-5 for Ashbury.

The team was:—

Flying wing; Main, Halves; Wallace, Grant, Murray I; Quarter; Barclay; Snap, Brown; Insides, Stedman, Maclarens I; Middles, Borden, Viets I; Outsides, Burrows I, Phillips II; Alternates, Coghill, Wilgress I, Wilson I, McCallum II, Ellis, Smart, Drake, Read.

AWAY vs. LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Lost 24-3

On October 30th, the team journeyed to Montreal to play L.C.C. The field was rather soggy and there was a gale blowing.

L.C.C. kicked off and although we had the advantage of the wind we only succeeded in obtaining one point in the first quarter, Murray kicking the ball over the dead line. We were unfortunate in this quarter in losing our Captain, whose shoulder was dislocated.

In the second quarter L.C.C. scored a well-earned touch down, which they converted, and were promptly presented with another by a fumble on our own goal line. They converted this and added another single before half time, making the score 13-1.

In the third quarter, again with the wind, we forced a safety touch, but after the change of ends, Lower Canada added two more touch downs, one of them again

being presented by a bad snap on our own goal line, of which they converted one. Ashbury then found themselves, too late, and staged a march which seemed headed for a touch down when the final whistle blew.

The final score of 24-3 was most disappointing to us. In spite of the fact that we suffered heavily through injuries, losing Viets for the game in the first few minutes, and being without Borden, Murray and Phillips for a large portion of the time, we should have given a much better account of ourselves. We failed to take advantage of scoring opportunities on the many occasions when we were within striking distance, and gave our opponents ten points by inexcusable misunderstandings when in a position where they were most costly. If Ashbury had played the same football on their own and their opponent's goal lines as they did in mid-field the results would have been much less unfavourable.

HOME vs. THE OLD BOYS

Lost 7-6

By H. D. L. Snelling, Esq.

On Thursday, November 11th, at five o'clock instead of eleven, the final whistle blew ending that other titanic struggle, Ashbury vs. the Old Boys.

The Old Boys arrived two men short, in varied uniforms, and a little shy of condition. A participant in the game, and an Old Boy, will attempt to describe what happened. We played the so called razzle-dazzle football, running the ball on third down with thirteen yards to go, and as we threw pass after pass, we were always in each other's way.

At the end of the first quarter we had scored a point, but we were to lose this lead in no time. The School evened the count, and after a see-saw battle in mid-field the half ended with the score 1-1. We were willing to stand on that, but the game continued in about five minutes.

The third quarter saw us deep in the School territory in what we thought a fine scoring position. Grant, however, an Ashbury halfback, circled our end and romped for a touchdown, in all about a seventy-five yard run. We were forced to give up the chase as our captain warned us there was still about twenty minutes left, and we needed every man on his feet.

The School missed the convert and we were left on the short end of a 6-1 count. Then, with our backs to the wall and with about five minutes of the fourth quarter gone, we staged a drive.

Brophie Dunne, one of our quarterbacks, threw a lateral to our only end, Barry O'Brien, who galloped to the School's two yard line. From this point of vantage Blair Gilmour plunged over for a touchdown, which we converted, leaving us in the lead 7-6.

It was an easy matter to bribe the timekeeper and the game ended promptly with the Old Boys victorious.

Next year we hope to have a more varied attack and possibly one or two more players. But the game, from our point of view, was an outstanding success and we are eagerly looking forward to the next tussle.

The Old Boys' team was as follows; Gilmour (captain), Dunne, Rowley, Blackburn, O'Brien, O'Brien, Allan, Courtney, Blair, Snelling.

SOCCE

Season 1937

By the Headmaster

An attempt was made this year to put Soccer on a more regular footing, by giving more time to practice, though the Seniors still get very little. Mr. Johnson put in a great deal of work and enthusiasm in coaching both Junior and Senior teams. The Junior teams did very well, and the Seniors with more practice would undoubtedly have done the same, as there was a great deal of keenness shown.

AWAY vs. ST. ALBAN'S

Won 1-0

On Saturday, November 13th, the Ashbury Senior Soccer XI played St. Alban's Seniors.

The weather was very bad indeed with both teams playing in a hard driving rain and with a cold biting wind thrown into the bargain.

In the first half both teams fought hard with grim determination, and Grant scored the only goal of the game for Ashbury in a lone run down the field.

The play continued at a fast pace until the second half, when it gradually slacked down owing to the cold and rain. St. Alban's had many near goals in the second period, but luck was against them, and the game ended with Ashbury the winner, 1-0.

Line up; Goal, Goodwin; Backs, Wilson I, Green; Half Backs, McCallum II, McLaren, Lawrence I; Centre Forward, Grant (captain); Insides, Murray I, MacGowan; Outsides, Earle, Bronson.

HOME vs. ST. ALBAN'S

Lost 4-3

The Home game against St. Alban's on November 20th proved to be faster and more interesting than the match played in Brockville, largely on account of the weather, which was excellent.

In the first half Ashbury scored the first two goals, by Burrows II and Phillips II respectively, but after twenty minutes of play St. Alban's evened the score with two quick goals.

The second half opened with Ashbury scoring in the first few minutes of play. St. Alban's retaliated with a swift passing attack, and again evened the score. The rest of the period was slower, but St. Alban's finally scored another goal before the final whistle blew.

The line-up was as follows: Goal, Goodwin; Backs, Viets I, Wilson I; Half Backs, McLaren, McCallum II, Stewart; Centre Forward, Burrows II; Insides, Grant (captain) MacGowan; Outsides, Brown, Phillips II.

HOME vs. SELWYN HOUSE

Won 5-1

On Saturday, October 30th, Ashbury's Under 15 team played an inter-School soccer match with Selwyn House. The game was played on the Ashbury field, which was in excellent shape.

Selwyn House, having won the toss, kicked off and the game was under way.

Soon Ashbury, with good forward line passing, fought their way into the Selwyn House half and Burrows II with a well placed kick scored the first goal for the School.

Before the whistle blew for half time Ashbury had scored two more goals, while Selwyn House, having suddenly broken through, scored a goal, making the score 3-1 for Ashbury.

After a five minute rest the game was resumed and the play was somewhat the same as in the first half. During this time the ball was mainly at the Selwyn House end of the field and before the whistle blew for the end of the game MacGowan and Wilgress had both scored for Ashbury, making the School the victors by five goals to one.

Line-up. Goal, Goodwin; Backs, Wilson II, Leggett; Half Backs, Green, Lawrence I, Key II; Centre Forward, Burrows II, Insides, Wilgress II, MacGowan; Outsides, Viets II, Bailey.

AWAY vs. SELWYN HOUSE

Won 4-0

On November 4th Ashbury's Under 15 team played Selwyn House at Montreal.

The speed of the game was held up considerably by the muddy field, but good soccer was played throughout.

The teams were not very evenly matched and the play was continually in the Selwyn House territory.

In the first half Ashbury scored two goals, one by Wilgress and one by Burrows II.

When the play was resumed after half time Ashbury had the wind and sun against them, but succeeded in scoring two goals, one being scored by Lawrence by a very spectacular lone effort, and the other by Bronson.

Line-up: Goal, Goodwin; Backs, Wilson II, Leggett; Half Backs, Green, Key II, Lawrence I; Centre Forward, Burrows II; Insides, Wilgress II, MacGowan; Outsides, Bailey, Bronson.

LITERARY SECTION



THIS YEAR OF GRACE

By J. C. Viets

The men of the ancient Egyptian civilization of three thousand years before Our Lord were capable of building huge pyramids, thousands of feet high and covering acres of land, without, as it seems, the use of a single derrick. These men, too, evolved a calendar based upon the movements of the sun. Inroads were also made by them into the study of Geometry, and our numbers and letters have remained the same since they were adopted by the people of Ancient Egypt before the days of Cadmus.

After the Egyptians came the Romans. This great race built up, and ruled over, a huge empire for hundreds of years. They developed a high state of culture; many of them living in absolute luxury. Some of the cities which they founded were so firm that they have lasted to this day. Roman roads, as well as cities, are still in existence, and the communication along these roads was swift and sure. They also had efficient systems of irrigation and sanitation.

Those were primitive times.

Today, in 1937, most of the land on the face of the earth has already been discovered and developed; the more for countries to fight over. Huge aeroplanes have been developed for commercial purposes, but they can, at a moment's notice, be turned into war machines capable of destroying whole cities. Mighty liners are being constructed to span the Atlantic in four days; but they are being built to government specifications suitable for sudden conversion into battleships and cruisers. When one strong country annexes one which is weaker, there are none capable, or willing, to aid the offended country, and unrest prevails among all small countries. Every nation is manufacturing, with all possible haste, such diabolical weapons of war as only the mind of civilized man can conceive. The world is like a class-room of unruly schoolboys, lacking only courage to fly at each other's throats.

These are civilized times.

THE BLUE CROSS

By R. Stedman

"Now get out of here before I kick you out."

Police Sergeant Ogilvy of the New York police department stood in the office of his Chinatown station. He was threatening a little shrivelled-up chinaman, who cowered in a corner of the room.

"Yes, I go. I go vellee quick, yes."

"Hurry up then, you rat."

"You will not let me say here, no?"

"Out, quick."

"But please, it is snowing hard out there in the street."

"I'll give you three to get out."

"Yes, I go. But I think you a vellee hard man."

The Sergeant looked as if he was going to hit the little Chinaman.

"I go. But I come back some day, and you be sorry you did not give homeless Chinaman shelter on such a night."

He went. The door slammed. Outside the wind shrieked and the snow came down in great flakes.

The Sergeant cursed and put some more logs on the fire.

"My what a night. It's certainly lonely here. I'd give anything to be at home right now."

Suddenly there came to the Sergeant's ears above the noise of the wind the sound of a wail.

"I wonder what that was."

The officer gripped the arms of his chair, and looked at the window.

"Nerves. Smoking too much lately. It's too cold to go out anyway."

The wind seemed to blow louder, and the snow and sleet came down on the icy streets relentlessly. The Sergeant got up to throw another log on the fire. He crossed to the stove and was just picking up a piece of wood when the station door opened and in came a figure. The Sergeant glanced up, saw it was the little Chinaman whom he had turned out into the night, and threw the log that he had in his hand at him.

"Take that, you louse."

To the horror of the Sergeant the log seemed to stop in mid air, and the Chinaman grasped it. The rough log of wood turned into a beautiful blue cross which the Chinaman raised.

"Follow me, O foolish one."

"What are you?"

"I was a man, but the night was cold, O foolish one."

"I was a man.' What do you mean by that?"

"The night was cold."

"What have I done to you?"

"You killed me, foolish man, and now you shall follow me."

The little Chinaman backed out of the door, holding the cross before the hypnotized face of the Police Sergeant. The door slammed behind them. The wind shrieked and the rain fell.

A week later the body of Sergeant Ogilvy was found on the bank of the Hudson River. It was said that the officer had been in ill health for some time, and in a moment of despair had thrown himself into the icy waters. In any case he was given a fine funeral, attended by most of his Division in the Force.

MEN MAKE MONEY

By J. A. Smart

Men must make money. Many men make millions, much more maybe. Many make motors, many mine minerals. Monied men make merry.

Mean men murder multimillionaires, making much money. Mean men meet Mounties. Mounties make mean men's mates mourne. Mates make monuments.

Magistrates make mean men's mates mad. Mates murder magistrates. More monuments.

Maybe money makes men mad!

THE REHEARSAL

By A. B. R. Lawrence

It was August in Chicago. The hot Chicago sun beat down with ever increasing fury upon the scorched streets. Weary people strayed aimlessly through Grant Park. Across an open space, stripped except for the empty benches, stood the famous band shell. Although the Park was very quiet on this hot morning, the band shell was a hive of activity and noise.

The musicians sat about in their shirt sleeves, and on the heads of many were perched big paper soldier-hats. Over the head of the conductor was a large brilliantly coloured sun umbrella. As for the conductor himself, he was the hottest thing, one would have thought, in the whole of Chicago on that particular morning. His flimsy shirt clung wet to his body as he ranted about, waving his baton. With all power and fury he was conducting "The Road to Mandalay."

Suddenly he stopped. He cracked his baton wildly on the desk, and shook with rage.

"No-no-no!" he fairly screamed. "Terrible! Terrible!"

His whole body shook with emotion.

"That is bad. Well, again."

Shaking his head as if his grief was overwhelming him, he lead the orchestra through the piece again. Over and over again the men played the same bars. Over and over the conductor raved and ranted.

"Men, please. It must have more 'umpa'; more 'umpa.' Now, again. Yes pleeeze."

This continued for some time, until the orchestra had achieved some of the desired 'umpa' - Finally the conductor stopped, and stepped from the podium, physically exhausted.

"It is terrible. We'll never have it ready for tomorrow night."

He gathered up his music and strode away.

It is to be wondered if any of the listeners to the orchestra accompanying Rubinoff and his Violin on August 24th, realized that the 'umpa' effects in "The Road to Mandalay" were struggled for in Grant Park on a hot autumn morning

THIS COFFEE IS STALE

By R. Stedman.

"And now, gentleman, I shall explain to you the details of the blockade of Shanghai."

Admiral of the Fleet Prince Hiroto Kobe was addressing a colourful array of high-ranking, Japanese officers in the ward-room of the flagship Sun Yet Sen.

"As is indicated on the map, the Nipponese fleet is at present approximately six hundred miles due east of Shanghai, and proceeding at thirty knots."

The officers gathered round a large map.

"The capital ships will continue in line on the present course, when they should reach Shanghai in twenty hours. Commander, will you step forward please?"

A smartly uniformed officer stepped up to the table.

"You will place your cruiser flotilla on the arc of a circle, radius one hundred miles, and centre Shanghai."

"I understand, Sir." The officer withdrew.

It was twenty hours later. Over the city of Shanghai screeched sixteen inch shells. The inhabitants ran hither and thither, praying that the Japanese dogs would have mercy.

On board the Sun Yet Sen, Prince Kobe watched the shelling of Shanghai through his binoculars.

"By the time I've finished with that place it will look like an ash heap. Boy, bring my breakfast."

By now the city of Shanghai was a mass of flames. Heavy brick walls fell into the crowded streets, a shell burst amid a crowd of school children, another knocked off the corner of a hospital, while yet other shells ripped through the large apartment houses in the residential section. From the Bund to the International Settlement Shanghai was a doomed city.

On board the Sun Yet Sen Prince Kobe sipped his coffee. Suddenly but deliberately the Admiral rang the bell. His face was livid with fury.

"Boy, take this coffee away. It is stale."

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIES

By G. Green

On the 12th of May, 1937, King George the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth were crowned in Westminster Abbey. The world was gathered there to watch. Mounted Police from Canada, native cavalry from India, and troopers from Australia and South Africa were all present to pay homage to Their Majesties. The entire Empire had been looking forward to the Coronation for months and every hotel and boarding-house in London was filled with people from every land who had desired to watch the event of a lifetime.

On the great day itself, the streets were covered with decorations, fireworks exploded, soldiers marched, and police formed chains to hold back the surging crowds. The time came, and Their Majesties were greeted with loud cheers. They passed into the Abbey and three hours later returned to Buckingham Palace, crowned. That night, London went wild. The entire city remained awake and celebrated. Beer flowed and fireworks lit the sky.

Then came the dawn, and with it the sudden realization that "it" was all over. "It" which they had waited for for years, or so it seemed, was over. The idea was difficult to grasp. It had been such a real, solid thing, the subject of all conversation and now, it was no more, a thing of the past which would not be repeated for the lifetime of King George. Already street-cleaners were abroad, sweeping the sea of refuse into their carts and tearing down mutilated decorations.

Of course, it was true that the Coronation balls and reviews would extend into July, but what were they compared with the great spectacle which they had just seen and now would never see again?

Several weeks passed. Stands were being torn down and the decorations had been done away with long ago. Householders were trying to sandpaper the red paint off their front doors and the authorities were adding figures in an endeavour to find the total expenditure. The streets seemed bare and drab without that gay red, white and blue covering. What had life been like in that last week before the Coronation? A glorious whirl, in which slapping paint in larger quantities on your own house than your neighbour's and pushing panting visitors from one hotel to another, figured largely. Now, however, that wonderful life was gone!

So was the Rajah of wha-cha-may-call-it, having exhausted his bank account in trying to thrill the populace. Those great statesmen from overseas were no longer being driven through crowded streets, but were giving their views on world peace in some dusty chamber.

The King and Queen were in the north of England. So, what reminder of the Coronation was left? That little Union Jack which you waved frantically? That

was nothing but a rag now. Equally without value was that tattered program and the cheese sandwich which you found moulding in your red, white and blue lunchbox, the other day.

It is no use. The Coronation is just a memory now; something to tell your children about. The "Captains and the Kings" have all departed and London is once again just a busy city.

THE MEN OF THE NANCY LEE

*They were thirsty for adventure,
(The Men of the Nancy Lee,)
So one day, just at sunrise,
The captain put out to sea.*

*They came upon a merchant ship,
(The Men of the Nancy Lee,)
But thought only of the plunder,
And its guns they did not see.*

*They left theirs down upon the deck,
(The Men of the Nancy Lee,)
And climbed into the rigging
And shouted out to sea—*

*"We're pirates bold and fierce,
(We men of the Nancy Lee,)
And when we sight a prize
She seldom gets off free."*

*But while up in the rigging,
(The Men of the Nancy Lee,)
Were killed by the guns of the merchant ship,
And sunk in the depths of the sea.*

*But still they sail the seven seas,
(The Men of the Nancy Lee,)
Though now but ghosts upon the ship
That was sunk by the prize-to-be.*

D. Maclareen

THIS ENGLAND

*Come with me and I will show you
Beauties of a bygone day,
Ancient castles wreath'd in splandour,
Wind-swept shore and shelter'd bay.*

*I will show you fields of glory,
Ruins of a cloister'd cell.
All of England is a story,
If you know the truth to tell.*

*There are abbeys and cathedrals,
Sacred spots but seldom seen.
Here lie conquering and conquered,
Martyred saint and Virgin Queen.*

*Fishing hamlets, mighty strongholds,
Lonely lake and windy mere;
England-fairest of the nations—
Land of all that we hold dear.*

W. A. Grant



A SECOND-HAND BOOK SHOP

By G. Green

There may be buried treasure in the Caribbean, pearls in the East Indies and varied riches scattered all over the earth, but to my mind, the best place to look for old treasures in a second-hand book shop.

You all know the kind I mean. The old wooden shop with the dusty windows through which you can see into the shop itself and into the mysterious darkness at the back; the shop marked with faded gold letters and whose windows are decorated with "Godey's Ladies Fashions of 1853" and filled with old books telling of the Civil War or the Boer War, with boxes of old coins at the side and an ancient rifle leaning in a musty corner.

Inside you trip over an old pair of book ends, evidently used as a door stop and find yourself hugging a large counter of horror magazines, issues of 1912, (selling at three for five cents). Against the wall stands a large rack holding faded editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Eric, or Little by Little," "World Peace in 1850?" "Debates of the House of Commons, 1870" (in ten volumes) and so on. In a dark corner stand souvenirs of King Edward VIII's Coronation, the last attempt of the old shop to keep up with the times.

However, these are as nothing to what you may find in the back. The old shop curves there and makes a dark musty corner. A stuffed monkey clutches a decaying stump and high on a shelf stands a bouquet of wax flowers protected by a glass bell. A spinning wheel lies in several pieces under an old table and a gold mounted horse pistol hangs from the wall. It would be wise not to touch this, for it probably has not been cleaned since 1790 and nobody knows what may be in its long barrel.

And then the proprietor, he comes forward from a little door in a dark corner, which leads to his miserable rooms above, peering shortsightedly over his spectacles and brushing back his wisps of hair. The old man looks as musty and old as his books, with his wrinkled face, and he might well, for he was 'bred an' born' in this shop. That was after his father had inherited it. He keeps the old shop now as it was then, blissfully unconscious of the advancement of time and day after day listening for the tinkling of the little bell over the door which tells of the entry of a customer. He chuckles nervously, eager to please while they talk, and in a few minutes with a little encouragement will be proudly dragging one of his special treasures from a dark corner and holding it out for inspection.

Buried treasure: Pearls before swine. The whole world rushes by looking for it knows not what and the wealth of ages is here for the asking.

UP BETIMES, AND SO TO BED

By D. M. Stewart and W. A. Grant.

Up betimes, and to take a walk. But my gout did prevent me, so hired a hansom carriage and did let the horse do the walking, thereby conserving energy. A dull day, and so toward the grammar school to inspect the premises. The time nigh on nine o'clock, I did attend Junior roll-call; mighty troublesome. Thence we did to chapel and did sing a hymn right lustily, but several people, as well might be, did mistake the tune, which troubled the organist mightily. I did look into divers classrooms where samples of modern youth were contemplating various holiday doings or engaged in the complete relaxation of the mind, while masters did expound theories and other higher thoughts to the thin air. And we did visit a class wherein mathematics was being propounded, and by the vacant look on juvenile faces it did occur to me that they must all be engaged in its complete absorption. Thence to partake with joy of Recess where some clumsy lout did trip over my gouty leg and it did vex me. But presently with walking the pain did pass away and was soon gone. And I was able to go to the ping-pong room where I did get soundly beaten. But did console myself by stepping on my opponent's ball which did flatten it as flat as ever I did see in my life. Next did go to a class of alchemy, whence we were driven in due time by obnoxious odours and sharp reports, proclaiming the success of fundamental experiments. I was prevailed upon to demonstrate the method, known only to us older scientists, of extracting gold from the most common the metallic substances. As the substance of my choice did happen to be explosive powder, and as I did therefore demolish the laboratory to a finality, I was prevailed upon with more ardour than before to leave. And I did become huffy and did leave with the greatest alacrity, and on arriving at my hostelry, being unduly weary, did order a good supper; a capon, not cooked to taste but palatable, some rare marrow (mighty fine) and a pint of sack. My gout better, but my wife insisted on my resting my leg, and so to bed.

THE WAGES OF SIN

By W. A. Grant.

"Hands up!" The oft imagined words, the terror of bank clerks, rang out in the routine stillness of the little country bank. With an oath the bandit pointed his gun at the solitary occupant of the cage; forced him to open the door and allow the bandit to enter. Once inside the intruder made short work of the man. Soon only a securely tied and gagged figure remained as guardian of the till. Hastily the robber scooped up all the money he could lay his hands on and stuffed it into the satchel he had brought with him. Then waiting only to kick the teller back into insensibility he turned to go when he caught sight of a brown leather bag very similar to the one he was carrying. Stooping down, he picked it up, more out of curiosity than the hope that it might obtain valuables, and rushed out to his car.

At a small table in the ill-lit room sat a man smoking. By the impatient way he scowled out of the window he was obviously waiting for someone. He tapped his fingers on the table and then poured himself another drink. He paused, the glass halfway to his lips, as a car drew up to the doorway and stopped with a screech of brakes.

Three men, carrying two brown leather bags, entered

"Were you followed?" spoke the man from the chair

"Not a hope. Shifty is too smart for those cops." and with a muttered word consigning the same cops to a warmer climate, he threw the bags on the table.

The man called Shifty walked forward and proceeded to open the first bag.

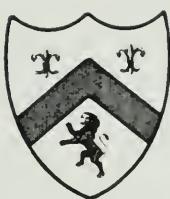
"Well, share and share alike I suppose, although I dunno what's in the other bag."

When the money had been counted the men turned their attentions to the second bag. The lock prooved obstinate, despite the obvious skill of one of the men.

"Oh, cut the damn thing," said the man in the chair.

A knife slashed the side of the bag and with a deafening roar the home-made bomb exploded.

THE
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ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA

VOL. V

MICHAELMAS TERM

No. 1



EDITORIAL

We are fortunately situated, we Editors of the Magazine, for most of the work connected with its publication is done in a room comparatively removed from the main building. But occasionally, when the typewriter is not clicking, and arguments about copy and type have for the moment died down, we hear a sound as of a herd of elephants on a tour of inspection of the School.

One day we decided to investigate. We were wrong. It was not elephants, just Juniors, on their way up stairs to the Art Room.

Curiosity made us follow, and the half hour spent in watching them at work supplied food for thought for many a long day. Here, is seemed to us, was something of the utmost significance. Boys, ranging in age from eight to twelve, were being encouraged to draw, to paint, and to cut in linoleum anything that their minds seized upon as suitable subjects for reproduction. Some of the results are to be seen in these pages.

Now we know that few if any of the Juniors will follow the profession of painting as a livelihood, but some, we hope, will continue to take an active interest in the arts long after they have left the Junior School. Of all hobbies, an intelligent interest in art in one or all of its many forms—painting, music, sculpture, architecture—is probably the most worth while, certainly the most repaying, and the realization that you can appreciate a work of art is in itself a most satisfying thing, not because of any advantage it may give you over your neighbours, but because you know that you have had to learn to know what to look for in, say, a picture, before you could appreciate it properly. You have had to learn, in other words, the art of appreciation.

That, we think, is the mission of the Art Room. As the Juniors learn what to put into a lino-cut and what to leave out, as they learn what must be cut away and what left to give the desired effect, so they are learning the elements of appreciation and criticism. There may be no future Raphael among the Juniors,

"flaming out his thoughts

Upon a palace wall for Rome to see,"

but if the Art Room can teach a boy to like seeing pictures, to admire a good use of colour, it will have done something of real value for the School, and, more important than that, it will have opened up a marvellous vista, down which the Boy should be able to see a splendid hobby and future source of infinite pleasure.

JUNIOR SCHOOL NOTES

Librarians. . . . Murray II and McLaren have the job of keeping the Junior Library neat and tidy. They are to be seen daily between the hours of 2.00 P.M. and 2.01 P.M. busy at their work.

Injuries. . . . Key, I, Lawrence II and Windsor sustained injuries in their Write arms while on vacation this summer. Windsor started the epidemic by tripping down a bank; Score, 1 Broken Arm. Lawrence, taking to the trees, descended quicker than anticipated: Score, 2 Broken Arms. Key, not to be out of it, fell off his brother's bicycle; Total Score, 3 Broken Arms.

Welcome. . . . We heartily welcome to the Junior School six new boys, Hickey, Abbott-Smiths I and II, Cooke, and Rossi-Longhi II.

Public Speaking. . . . Public Speaking is taking effect in the Junior School. Every Monday and Friday energetic speakers stand up and deliver speeches on such varied topics as The Wolves of Cernogratz and Seven Wonders of the World. The eighth must be Mr. Porritt who listens to it all.

Hallow e'en. . . . The Boarders were invited to Mrs. Archdale's on October 30th, where a "shin-dig" was held. The Day Boys donned masks and walked around Ottawa, looking sillier than usual and frightening only themselves.

Birthdays. . . . The lack of. Only one, Fairbanks's. What's wrong with the Juniors anyway?

Singing. . . . The art of *Bel Canto* is being instilled into the Juniors by Mr. Edwards. They are mastering, at the time of writing, The Magnet and the Silver Churn, a perfect tone poem of magnets of various sizes being churned in enormous hollow tins.

Art. . . . We are proud to see Hickey's masterpiece, a lino-cut, reproduced in our section.

Conclusion. . . . Key I and McLaren, the Editors of The Ashburian Junior, decline to be held responsible for anything that has made its way into the Junior Section.

THE JUNIOR ART CLUB

At the beginning of this term those members of the Junior School keen on drawing were formed into a club, and provided with their own room and materials, with a view to cultivating a useful and fascinating hobby, and to stimulating a practical interest in at least one branch of the arts. They are encouraged to put their own ideas on paper, or to think out a suitable design for a lino-cut. The latter occupation seems to have been the favourite, and some quite good results have been achieved.

"THOU HAST NO BUSINESS HERE"

By Albert Key

There was once a Quaker who wanted to go from Boston to England, for some reason or other, and so he tried to get a passage on a merchant vessel. Unfortunately, however, Britain and France were at war at the time, and he had great difficulty in getting any accommodation at all. Finally he was allowed to sail in a British frigate that was returning home to England.

A week after this boat had left the shores of the Colony behind her, she was sighted by a French man o' war, and the two boats engaged in battle. Now, as you know, Quakers never fight, so they never become soldiers or sailors. The two ships approached closer, and everybody fought for their lives, all except the Quaker, who walked calmly up and down the deck amid the fire of the cannons, with his hands clasped firmly behind his back.

The ships grappled together, and the Quaker turned around and watched the first Frenchman climb on board. Walking up to the Frenchman he said, "Friend, thou hast no business here." With that he picked up the startled Frenchman and threw him over the side into the sea.

I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES

*The Judge, he looked me up and down,
But ne'er a word did say,
Except the simple, silly words,
"Good day, my man, good day."*

*For driving at a break-neck rate
I wasn't fined a cent,
Because I'd had the Judge to tea,
And helped him pay his rent.*

J. McLaren

PATRIOTISM

*Folks in lands across the sea
Are fighting with all their might.
But if our country goes to war
Will we fight?*

*We love our country very much,
And some say with delight,
“Of course if we must go to war
We'll gladly fight.”*

*We all are human people
That hate the sound of war;
So let us keep our country's peace
And glory evermore.*

J. McLaren

JUNIOR GAMES

HOME vs. ROCKCLIFFE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Won 3-1

On Monday afternoon, the first of November Ashbury's Junior soccer team played the Rockcliffe Park Public School on the Ashbury field.

The game started with Ashbury kicking off and they soon showed themselves much the superior team, although the Public School played a very good game, considering that they practise on a much smaller field.

The Public School got the first goal, which was scored by Fish, and the game was resumed with Ashbury feeling a little downhearted. Before half time McLaren scored a goal making the score 1-1.

McLaren opened the second Half with a goal for Ashbury. This was followed by some hard play by both sides, but just before the final whistle blew Mordy scored again for the School, making the final score 3-1 for Ashbury.

The School line-up was as follows:—Goal, Hickey; Backs, Murray II, Key I; Half Backs, Key II, Phillips I, Hughson; Centre Forward, Curry; Insides, McLaren, Mordy; Outsidess, Abbott-Smith I, Viets II.

AWAY vs. ST. ALBAN'S

Won 6-0

On November 13th. the Juniors played St. Alban's in Brockville. The weather was terrible, muddy and wet, with a strong wind blowing.

Bailey opened the game by scoring the first goal. This was followed by goals from Mordy, McLaren and Viets II. As the wind was with us in this half this may have accounted for our onslaught on the St. Alban's goal.

In the second half they put up a better fight and three times made a determined rush on our goal, to be stopped by the Backs and Hickey. In this half Ashbury scored two more goals, by Bailey and Viets II respectively.

The line-up was as follows:—Goal, Hickey; Backs, Murray II, Key I; Half Backs, Key II, Phillips I, Hughson; Centre Forward, McLaren, Insides Windsor, Mordy; Outsidess, Bailey, Viets; Spare, Abbott-Smith I.

AWAY vs. ROCKCLIFFE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Lost 4-1.

It was a cold, wet day on November 17th when Ashbury played the Rockcliffe Public School.

The game was played on the Public School's field, and due to the small size of the grounds, the game resulted solely in kicking the ball and rushing, with little dribbling.

Ashbury won the toss, and chose one end. Rockcliffe kicked off, and in about three minutes Clark had scored for their side. Another goal was scored by one of their insides, with ten minutes left to play in the first half. Bailey scored for Ashbury, however, and the whistle blew for half time with the Public School leading 2-1.

In the second half Ashbury, failed to even the score. Rockcliffe scored two more goals, one by Fish, and one by McKinley. The game ended with Rockcliffe winning by the score of 4-1.

The Ashbury line-up:—Goal, Hickey; Backs, Key I, Murray II; Halves, Key I, Phillips I; Forwards, Bailey (Captain), Viets II, Mordy, McLaren II, Windsor.

HOME vs. ST. ALBAN'S
Won 3-0

On November 20th we played St. Alban's at Ashbury. It was an ideal day, not too hot, no wind, and sunny.

St. Alban's kicked off, but the ball was in their end of the field for the greater part of the game. In the first half Bailey scored the first goal, and McLaren the second.

The second half was more even than the first, but again Ashbury broke through, to make the score 3-0.

The line-up was as follows: Goal, Hickey; Backs, Murray II, Key I; Half Backs Phillips I, Key II, Hughson; Centre Forward, McLaren; Insides, Mordy, Windsor Outsides, Mordy, Bailey (Capt.)

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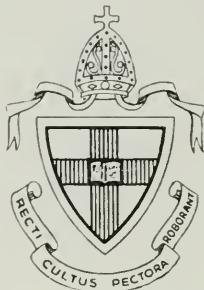
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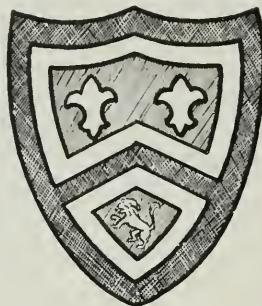
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